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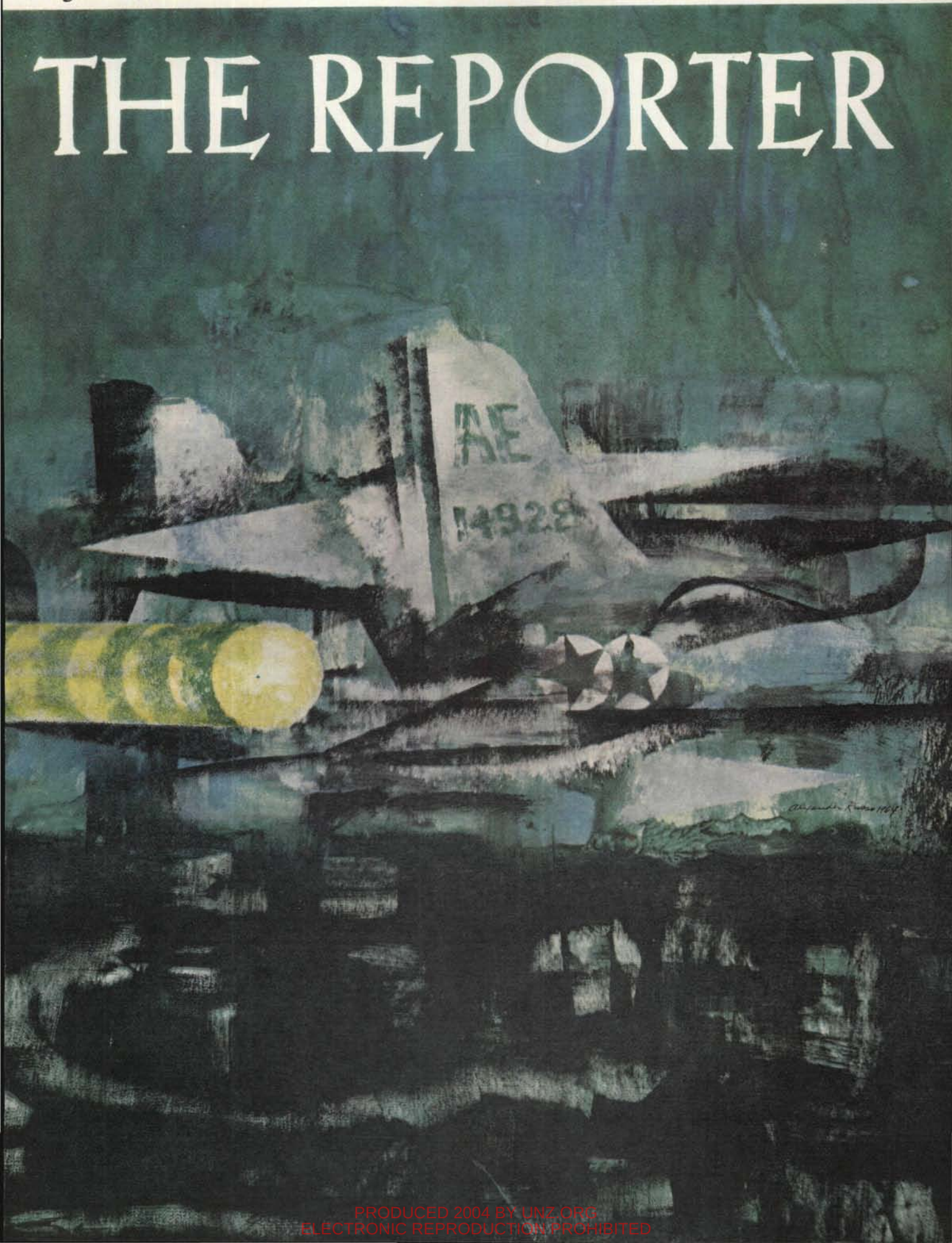

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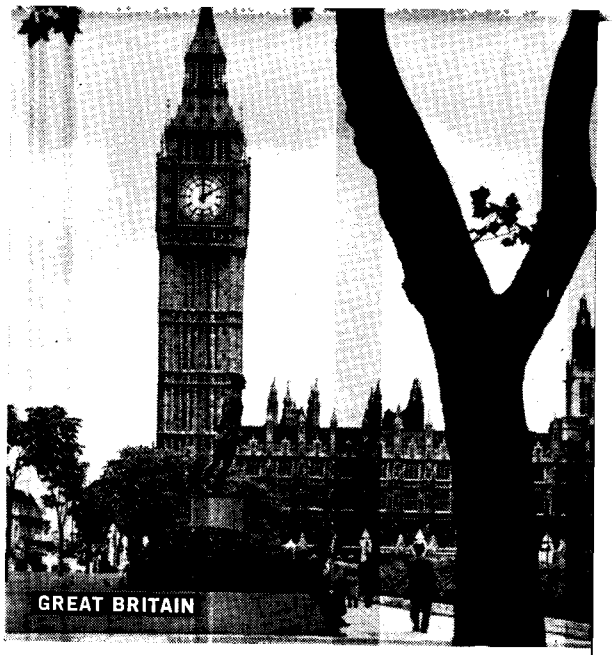

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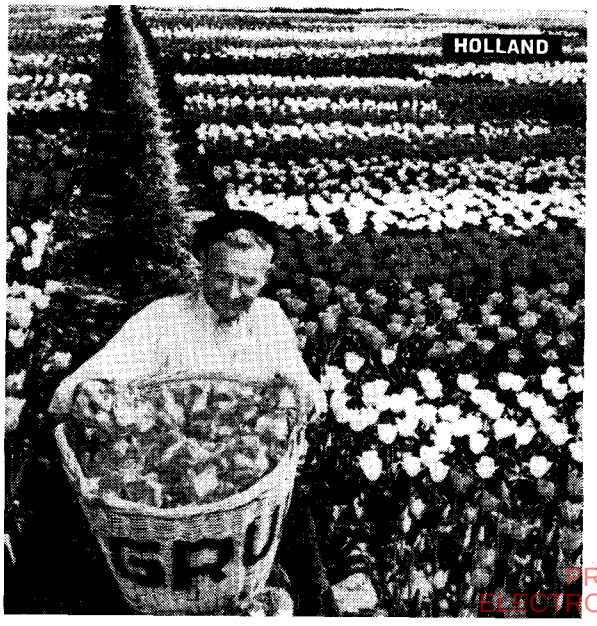

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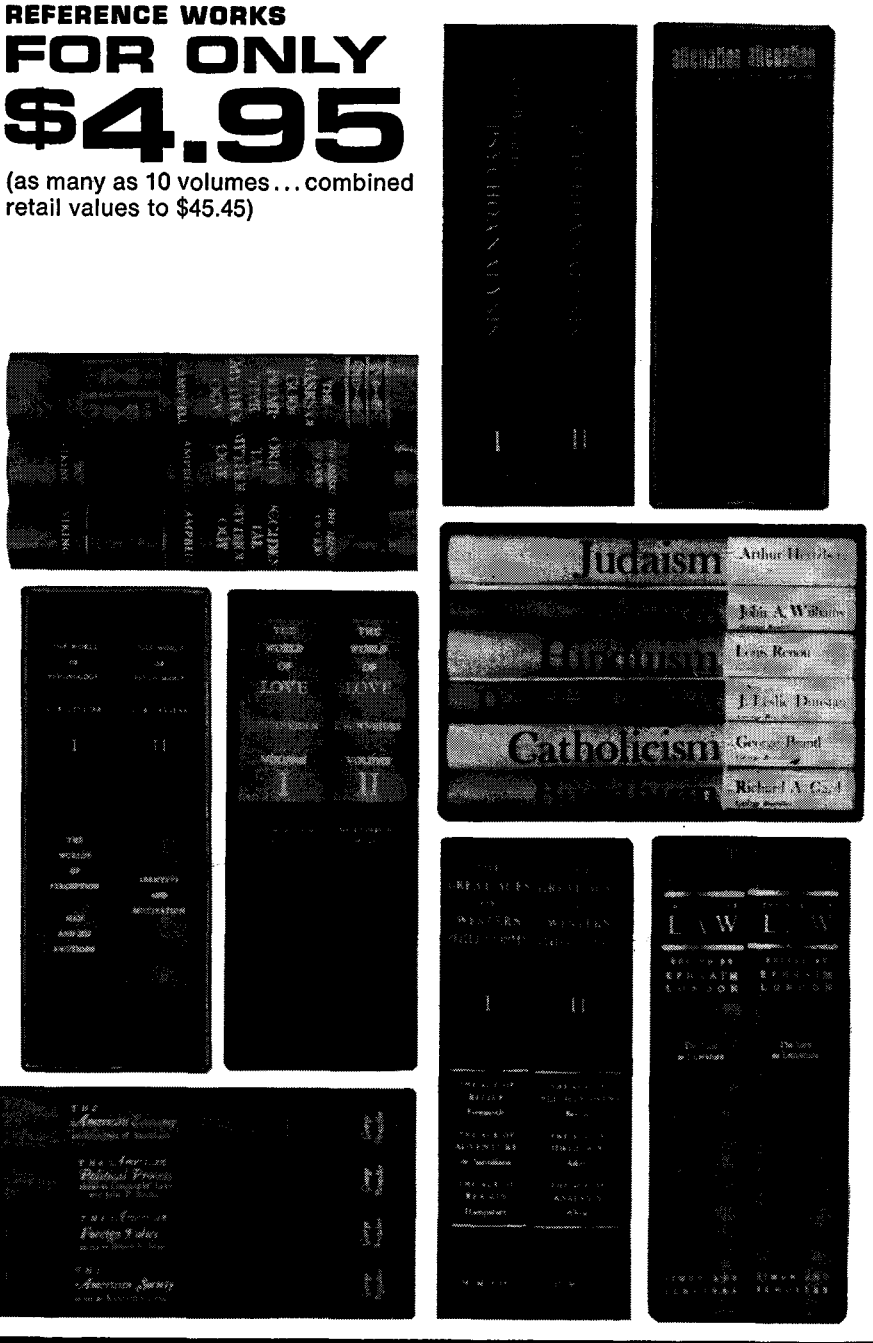

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Out of the prolonged high-level meetings in Washington that were capped on July 28 by President Johnson's press conference, one fact emerged: we have reached the end of one policy road in Vietnam and are preparing to embark on another. The limited build-up in South Vietnam, as the President made clear, has hardly lessened the likelihood that a much larger commitment may be necessary in the near future—unless the Communists agree to come to the conference table. In the absence of negotiations, the administration will have to make a number of urgent and complex decisions affecting, as **Hanson W. Baldwin,** military editor of the New York *Times,* explains, the nation's entire defense establishment.... Vietnam, of course, has monopolized the nation's concern and anxiety recently, but there has obviously been no moratorium on troublemaking in the rest of Southeast Asia. In Malaysia, for instance, which has its hands full with neighboring Indonesia, the traditional antipathy between the resident Chinese and Malays has erupted into a bitter internal squabble that threatens the very existence of that newly created nation. **Seth S. King** reports from Kuala Lumpur for the New York *Times.* . . . Meanwhile, President Sukarno of Indonesia, never one to confine his appetite for power, has extended his machinations to the Philippines, where, according to **Oscar S. Villadolid,** a staff member of the Manila *Daily Bulletin,* his agitators are doing their best to turn against us one of our closest allies in that part of the world.

The Communist threat that led to a three-year civil war has reappeared in Greece, where the ambiguous powers of the monarchy supply an additional source of conflict. One of our European correspondents, **George Bailey,** arrived in Athens in time to witness a massive demonstration protesting the forced resignation of Premier George Papandreou that was quickly fanned into a riot by the extreme Left. . . . **John J. Farmer,** chief of the Trenton bureau of the Newark *Evening News* until recently and now with its Washington bureau, reports on New Jersey's gubernatorial race and on the broad-base-tax issue —which neither candidate discusses openly—that dominates the campaign. . . . The Washington teach-in last May and other forms of political protests from the academic world have inspired former Secretary of State **Dean Acheson** to offer some well-seasoned advice. . . . **Barbara Carter,** a free-lance writer who was for many years a member of our staff, has long been interested in education and civil rights. . . . The President's program to preserve the nation's natural beauty has no more enthusiastic supporter than **Lois Phillips Hudson.** Many of the stories in her most recent book, *Reapers of the Dust* (Atlantic-Little, Brown), first appeared in *The Reporter.*

Reminiscent of adolescent summers all over the world, a long-past summer sailing the canals of Venice is recollected in **Antonio Barolini's** short story. Like the author's novel, *The Long Madness* (Pantheon), it was translated by his wife, Helen Barolini. . . . "Willy" is **Richard Moore's** second poem to appear in *The Reporter.* It is illustrated by **Christine Sapieha** of our art department. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** *Starting Out in the Thirties,* a sequel to his autobiographical *A Walker in the City,* will be published by Little, Brown in mid-September. . . . *The Possible Worlds of Fernando Krahn,* the first collection of visual commentaries by our regular contributor, is published by Dutton this month. . . . **James R. Schlesinger** is a senior analyst with the Rand Corporation. His book *The Political Economy of National Security* (Praeger) came out in 1960. . . . Author of *The Years Between: A Dramatic View of the Twenties and Thirties* (Little, Brown), **Marvin Barrett** is now working on a novel. . . . **Marcus Klein** has been teaching at Barnard and is the author of *After Alienation: American Novels in Mid-Century* (World). . . . A regular contributor on musical subjects, **John M. Conly** is a former editor of *High Fidelity.*

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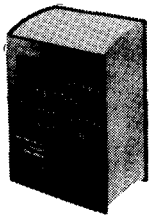

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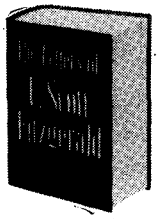

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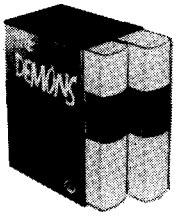

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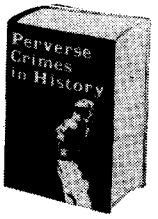

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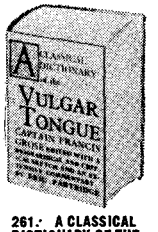

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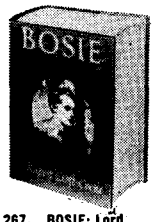

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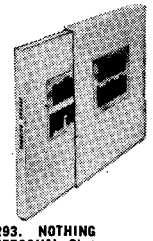

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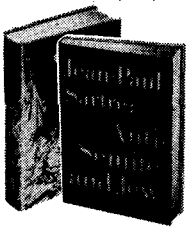

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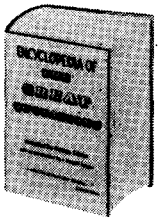

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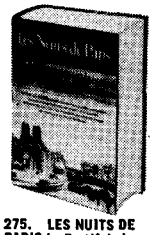

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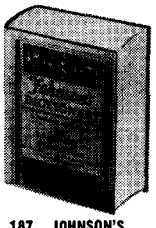

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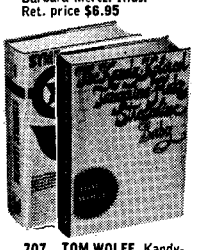

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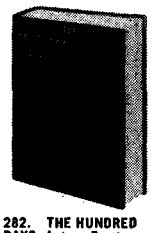

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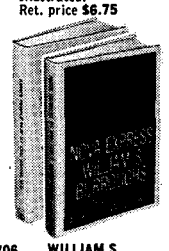

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SEPARATE WORLDS

To the Editor: I would like to congratulate you on your editorial "Separate Worlds" (*The Reporter*, July 1), which was a classical restatement of the necessity for universal political justice. With remarkable sensitivity you touched upon the offhanded discriminatory character of the trend approving totalitarianism in Africa, Asia, and even in Eastern Europe, as the fast and therefore justified road to development.

This long overdue declaration about the equal desire of the suppressed with that of the free to live without fear from his country's ruling clique has a special value at the twentieth anniversary of the U.N., within which an unfortunate trend indicates that the principle of totalitarianism might succeed in becoming the majority representation two decades after the slogans about "freedom for the whole globe" were proclaimed at the jubilant moment of Hitler's fall.

I submit that dictatorship on the Left and on the Right hurt equally and that it is utterly inexcusable that some western "intellectuals," by accepting the neo-autocrats as progressives, quietly consent to the global reappearance of ancient political evils under new labels.

LASZLO T. KISS
Fordham University
New York

To the Editor: You hurt your "globalist" argument in your editorial "Separate Worlds" by the statement that the disarray and dismay associated with American military involvement "reminds the administration that the results of its warlike actions must provide lasting justification for their having been undertaken. . . ."

In questioning this statement, it is not necessary to search for causal connections to test the effectiveness of American foreign policy. The demand for such causality can be troublesome: constantly increased American involvement in Vietnam, for example, has not been accompanied by the achievement of administration objectives, apart from the merits of the involvement. Imagining for a moment that the U.S. were *winning* in Vietnam, many of your problems would be nonexistent. Your statement would be equally irrelevant if the U.S. were *losing* the war in Vietnam.

But what is profoundly disturbing about your contention is not so much its hardheadedness as the implicit static assumptions it makes regarding the dynamics of international affairs. American military involvement is only one of a cluster of variables, the combination of which will continue to churn out novel contingencies. You assume that resisting selected Communist wars of liberation by military means will remain the No. 1 American policy objective over the long run (to teach the enemy a

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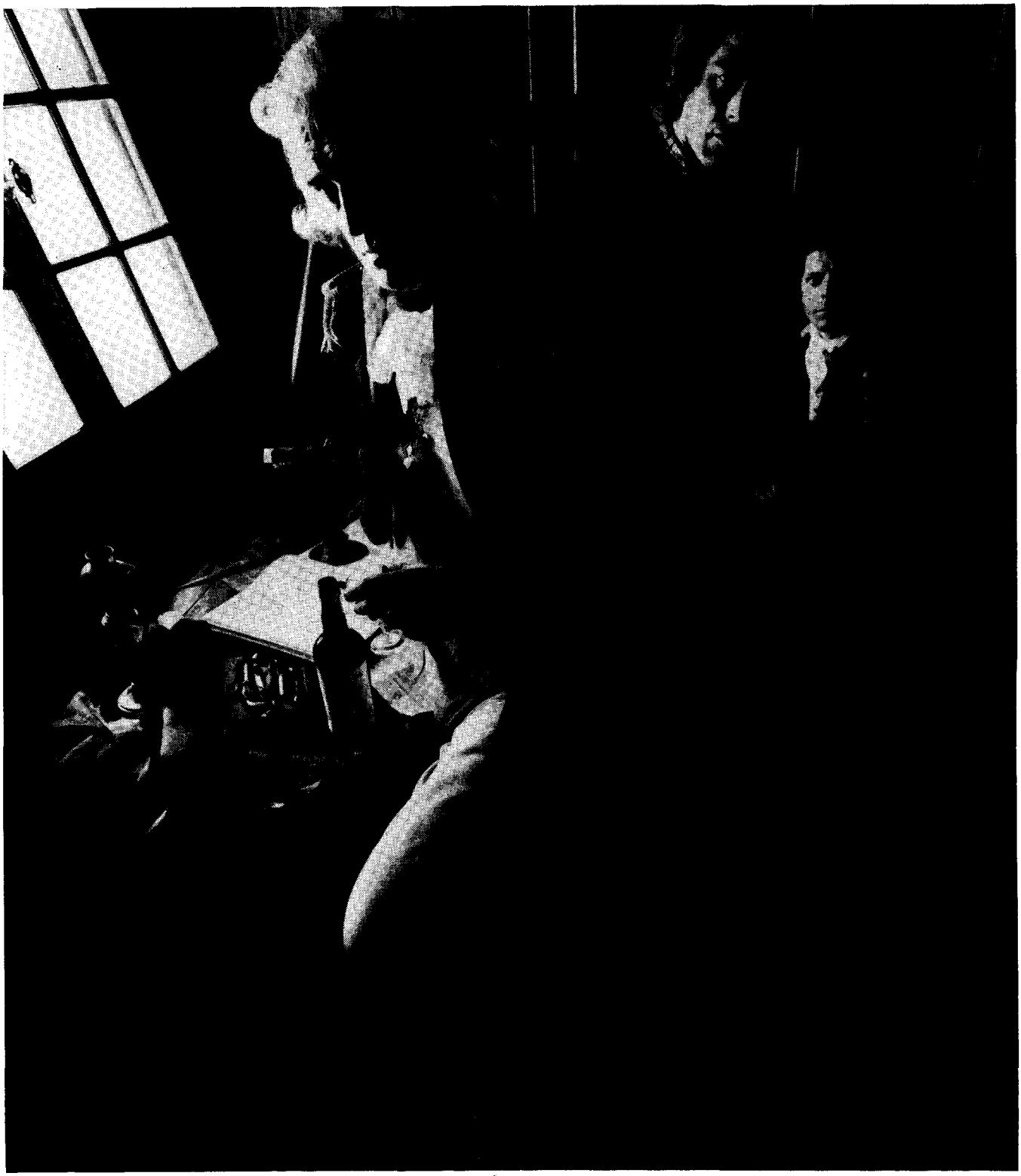

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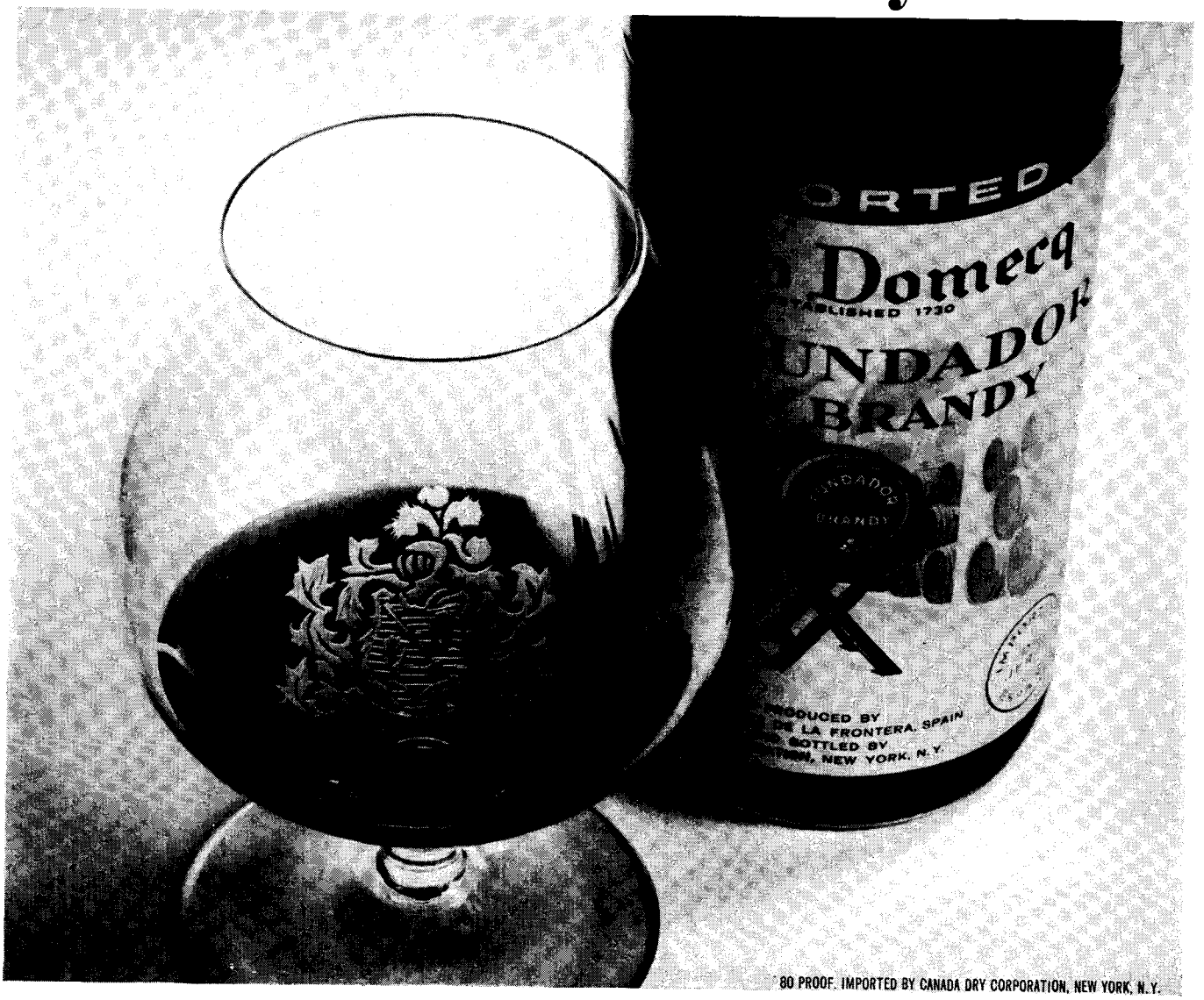

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"lesson"). I question this in theory because I do not believe that international relations can usefully be described as a struggle between good guys and bad guys, with shooting as the only "solution." I would claim that the United States is capable of modifying its foreign policy and learning from history, even as it remains a global power. But I am not willing to use Vietnam to prove my point after the administration has purposefully built the issue into a test of strength, in which case your assumption must necessarily be valid.

The cold war has been and will continue to be a series of successes and setbacks for the free world. It makes more sense to contend that the calling out of troops represents something of a political failure on our part (as in failing to arouse the indigenous population), and to color the villains of the moment a shade lighter than black.

BARRY H. STEINER
Columbia University

A MAJORITY OPINION

To the Editor: Paul Good's "Tuskegee's Negro Majority" (*The Reporter*, July 1) is objective and understanding. It does indicate that other communities may not fare so well when the voting right is extended. I hope that the national groups which have led the voting-rights movement will continue to aid the communities with advice and counsel in the new voting era.

JOHN G. DOW
House of Representatives
Washington

LOOK INWARD, ANGEL

To the Editor: Like the author of the Who—What—Why column (*The Reporter*, July 1), I also wonder what kind of men newly enfranchised Negroes will elect to office. The column refers to Adam Clayton Powell obviously as an example of a type of Negro who should not be elected. The trouble seems to be that he has lived with American politicians (overwhelmingly white) long enough to learn that what a politician says and what a politician does are not necessarily related. It appears a bit hypocritical to single out Powell because he is a Negro, as though this fact alone should make him the standard bearer of his race and impervious to all of Washington's corrupting temptations.

I sincerely hope that the Negroes will produce more good politicians than bad ones. I expect, however, that their record will be pretty much the same as the white record. There will be the good but there also will be the greedy, the corrupt, and the demagogues. Before we criticize Powell or any other Negro, we might do well to analyze our own political history. To expect more of a politician simply because he is Negro is to court disappointment and the jeers of white racists.

WILLIAM K. METTLER
Englewood, New Jersey

NO MORE SAFARIS?

To the Editor: Clara Spiegel's article "A Day on Safari" (*The Reporter*, July 1) tells of a day in "the lives of the privileged." Privileged to kill, to confirm the role of man the destroyer. In Theodore Roosevelt's day there was at least the partial and poor excuse that the wild life of Africa seemed incredibly numerous, really inexhaustible. Now we know that it is in danger of extinction at the hands of man, following the American bison, the passenger pigeon, the ivory-billed woodpecker, the prairie hen, the whooping crane over the horizon to oblivion.

Anyone with the slightest sense of the place of the human animal in relation to the world in which he lives will read with loathing the account of a de luxe safari in which nothing is left for the hunter but to hold the rifle for a few minutes, set the telescopic sights on the prey, and pull the trigger. For what? So that the hunter may come home with a "trophy" to brag of, like the most primitive headhunter, except that the headhunter takes the risks himself, is not transported in a Land-Rover, and is not waited upon, guided, protected, and directed by paid servants.

Believing, as one must in a democratic society, that apathy is the first of the deadly sins, that nothing is needed for the triumph of vice but the indifference of good people, I must protest. As a conservationist I protest against the diminution of wild life already endangered by increasing environmental limitations. As a philosopher I protest against irreverence for life. As a Christian I protest against mercilessness.

ABBY W. CHRISTENSEN
Medfield, Massachusetts

MISNOMER

To the Editor: In your July 1 issue, there is an article by Anthony Delius entitled "Verwoerd Tightens the Screws." That title should read "Backward with Verwoerd."

JANE L. GORIN
Los Angeles

A WRITER'S WISH

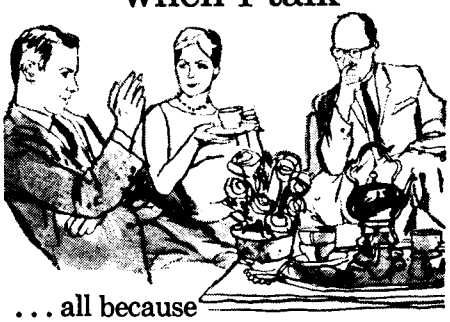
To the Editor: I enjoyed hugely Alfred Kazin's very cogent remarks about Simone de Beavoir ("Sartre's Boswell" *The Reporter*, July 1), to the extent of wishing I had written them.

JUSTIN O'BRIEN
Canterbury, Connecticut

TO OUR READERS

Two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. After this August 12 issue your next copy will be dated September 9. Our fortnightly schedule will then be resumed.

Now my friends listen when I talk



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The Unmistakable Message

Whatever the net results of the President's latest statement on Vietnam in terms of the great issue of war or peace in Asia, it has already achieved two gains of considerable importance to the American people and our friends and enemies abroad. It clarified and reasserted the American purpose and policy in Vietnam at a time when both were being called into question by military reverses in the field and by popular doubts and confusion. Even more important, it also helped to clarify the character of the man himself. He has been called vain, impulsive, erratic, ruthless, provincial—and these are only a few of the more polite adjectives that testify to the antipathy and apprehension he has aroused in some quarters.

At his press conference in late July the President made nonsense of such charges and suspicions. Quite foreseeably, it is not the pundits and niggling Johnsonographers but the President himself who is providing the truest insights into his own character. With each new crisis and his manner of dealing with it, he is making it easier for us to distinguish the style from the substance and to understand his use of tactics and timing in the pursuit of his larger purposes and his stubborn pursuit of consensus.

His last press conference was a case in point. The news the whole world was waiting for—the details of our military build-up in South Vietnam—was delivered in a deliberately low-keyed manner. Instead of the widely expected clarion call for mobilization and victory, came a moving plea for negotiation and an end to the fighting. Indeed, there was something deeply appealing and impressive—because almost without precedent—in the image that came through on the TV screen: the leader of the world's greatest power pleading humbly, even desperately, for help from almost every conceivable quarter in his search for peace. Showmanship, shrewd political calculation and the familiar homespun sentiment were also there. And why not? They were, on the whole, effectively harnessed, as in most of the President's performances, to a good cause and profound conviction.

What emerged was precisely what the President wanted to emerge: a powerful sense that this was a most earnest call for peace in Vietnam and that here were specific tokens of American good faith and co-operation to that end. Equally unmistakable was the message that, given no honorable alternative, he was prepared to do whatever was needed to fulfill our commitments to South Vietnam, even to leading his country into the larger war he has sought so hard to avoid. It would be tragic if there were any misunderstanding of the President's sincerity and resolution on either point.

Men of Letters

American writers feel themselves under increasing pressure these days to issue public statements explaining their positions on one thing or another. Here, for the benefit, of anyone who may not have noticed the trend, are two typical examples.

1. *An open letter to appear as an advertisement in the amusements section of the New York* Times:

We call upon the people of New York to support Benjamin Mau-Mau's searing indictment of contemporary civilization, "You Stink!" Naturally critics whose sensibilities have been dulled by the mediocrities of Broadway reacted with hostility to Mr. Mau-Mau's drama. But we are convinced that there has never been anything to equal the final scene, in which the audience is exhorted to bring about a better world for our children by marching to Tompkins Square and throwing garbage at the public library. And yet, if sufficient funds aren't raised by Saturday night to pay the rent, "You Stink" will be forced to close. What, after all, is to become of American drama if the educated middle-class people who go to the theater in New York won't support a play whose urgent message for our times is that the educated middle-class people who go to the theater are degenerate?

2. *An R.S.V.P. letter explaining why one has decided to go to a party.*

Dear Mr. President,

Before accepting your invitation to participate in the Second Annual All-Day Cultural and Conservation Cook-out at the White House, I feel morally compelled to make clear my irrevocable opposition to your reduction of the silver content in the fifty-cent piece. Out of respect for the high office you occupy, however, I cannot in good conscience join the ranks of those who won't read their poetry to you. To satisfy the inextricable requirements of conscience and patriotism I shall be happy to attend wearing, of course, a sign demanding your impeachment as a debaser of our currency.

Byzantium on the Potomac

"He lived under fear of inadequacy and humiliation." This assessment of the Secretary of State has been made by former White House Special Assistant Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. in his memoirs of the Kennedy years, which are currently being serialized in *Life*. For a number of reasons, those memoirs bid fair to displace the war in Vietnam as a subject of discussion and speculation in Washington. At the thumb-in-the-eye level of politics, for example, they have been received as further evidence that Dean Rusk

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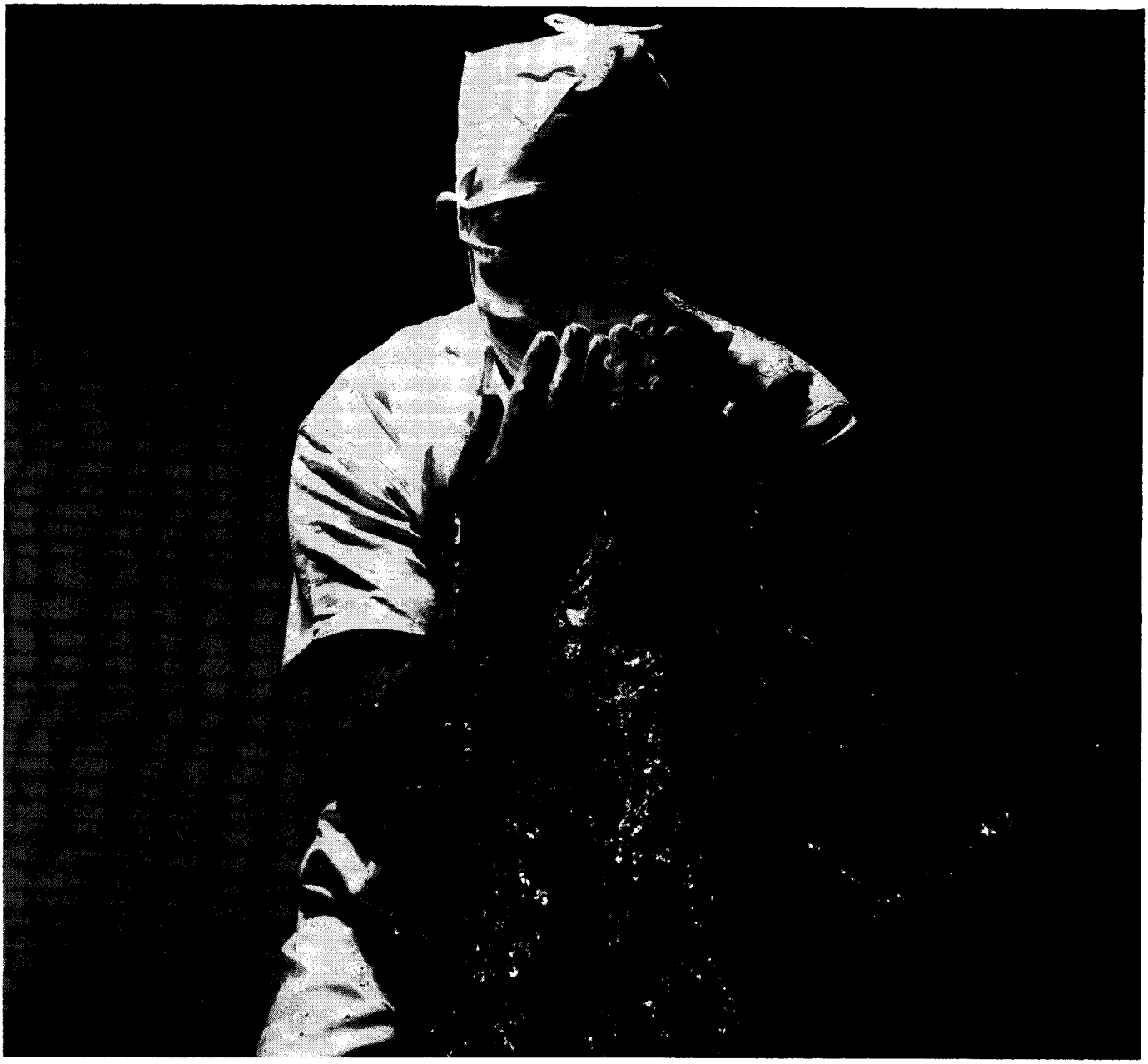

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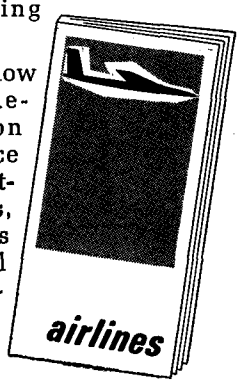

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has become the object of a grudge war whose earlier manifestations have been a series of rumors, press plants, and innuendoes suggesting that the secretary was not up to his job and was about to be replaced. Most of those now alleged to be active in the undermining of Rusk come off exceedingly well in Schlesinger's recollections. President Johnson, it could be noted, does not meet either of these descriptions.

Then there is the matter of taste, and, as Schlesinger has previously pointed out, it is not a "frivolous" matter. He made this observation in a 1960 campaign book called *Kennedy or Nixon: Does It Make Any Difference?*—and we think it is worth quoting from at length. "I bet a Republican friend," Schlesinger wrote, "that, when Nixon gave his acceptance address, he would mention his wife before his fourth sentence. Pat appeared in the second sentence . . . . charging politics with such pseudopersonal matter is irrelevant: it puts the political process on a wholly false basis. More than that, it is degrading: by catering to and thus cultivating irrelevant emotions, it corrupts the political dialogue. It construes politics, not as the means by which a free people conduct their affairs, but as a form of soap opera . . . . The hard fact is that Nixon lacks taste." What then is the hard fact about Schlesinger the serializer? "Now, in the bedroom," he tells us, by way of illuminating President Kennedy's response to the Bay of Pigs, "he put his head into his hands and almost sobbed, and then took her in his arms." And again, of Mrs. Kennedy: "She sometimes cried, 'Oh, Jack, I'm so sorry for you that I'm such a dud.' He would tell her that he loved her as she was."

THE EFFECT of all this has been to shatter any illusion that Schlesinger's effort was serious history. And yet, it was only as a professional historian that he could have hoped to avoid charges of far graver improprieties. They concern the responsibilities and ethics of Washington's well-placed note-takers such as Schlesinger and his predecessor in the art, Emmet John Hughes, who created a similar stir with the publication of *The Ordeal of Power: A Political Memoir of the Eisenhower Years* in 1962. In some respects, both men weakened their cases in the same way. Both, for instance, have revealed that a certain amount of their grievance proceeded from nothing more exalted than the fact that their Presidential prose was trampled upon. Both were at pains to explain projects with which they were identified and which had come in for criticism—the "I shall go to Korea" speech in Hughes's case, the pre-invasion White Paper in that of Schlesinger. And both, to judge from Hughes's book and the excerpts from Schlesinger printed thus far, failed to avoid writing personal justifications as distinct from political history. Still, to the question which forcibly asks itself—Schlesinger or Emmet Hughes: Is There Any Difference?—the answer plainly is yes. The President to whom Schlesinger attributes so many harsh judgments of others in his administration can not himself clarify or take issue with Schlesinger. And those who come in for the most disparagement, President Johnson and Secretary Rusk, are still in the midst of conducting the nation's most perilous business. If anything, Schlesinger was under far graver obligations to objectivity and accuracy and restraint than was Emmet Hughes.

It is difficult to find many people in Washington who believe that he met those obligations well. On the contrary, he appears to have felt obligated mainly to a small band of the New Frontier faithful, and the fierceness of this feeling results in some pretty strange arguments. It was, we learn (a well-worn theme by now), the professionals and the department heads who led President Kennedy into the disaster of the Bay of Pigs. Dean Rusk, for example, did not express his misgivings forcefully, and others (such as Schlesinger) who are now disclosed to have opposed it felt intimidated in the face of this professional unanimity. There could well be truth in this, but a serious historian would have seen other truths that compelled a more complicated accounting. However "shy" the

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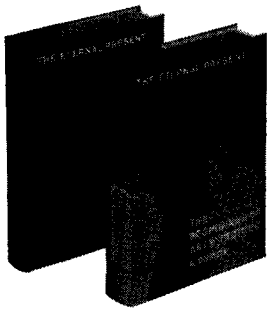

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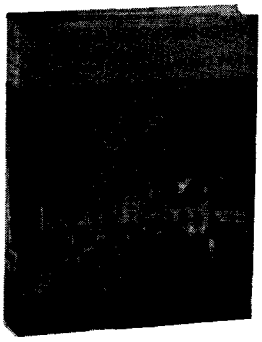

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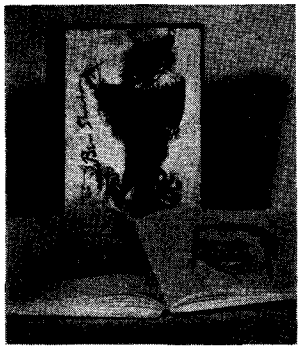

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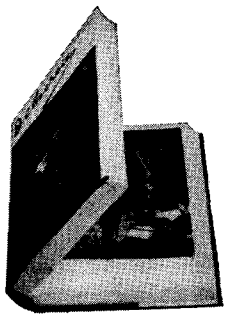

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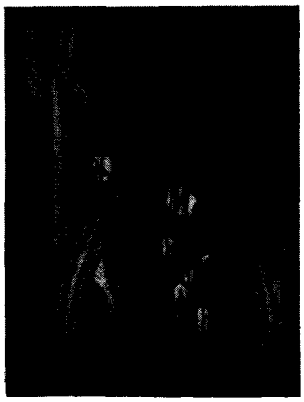

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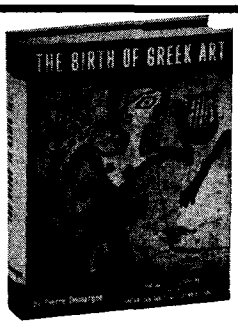

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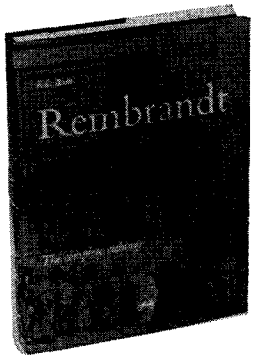

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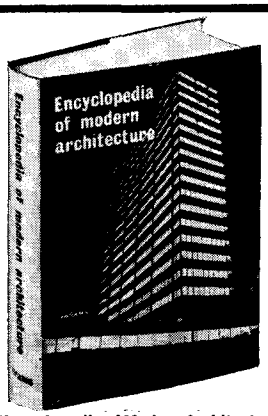

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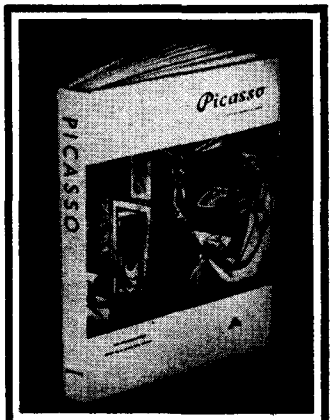

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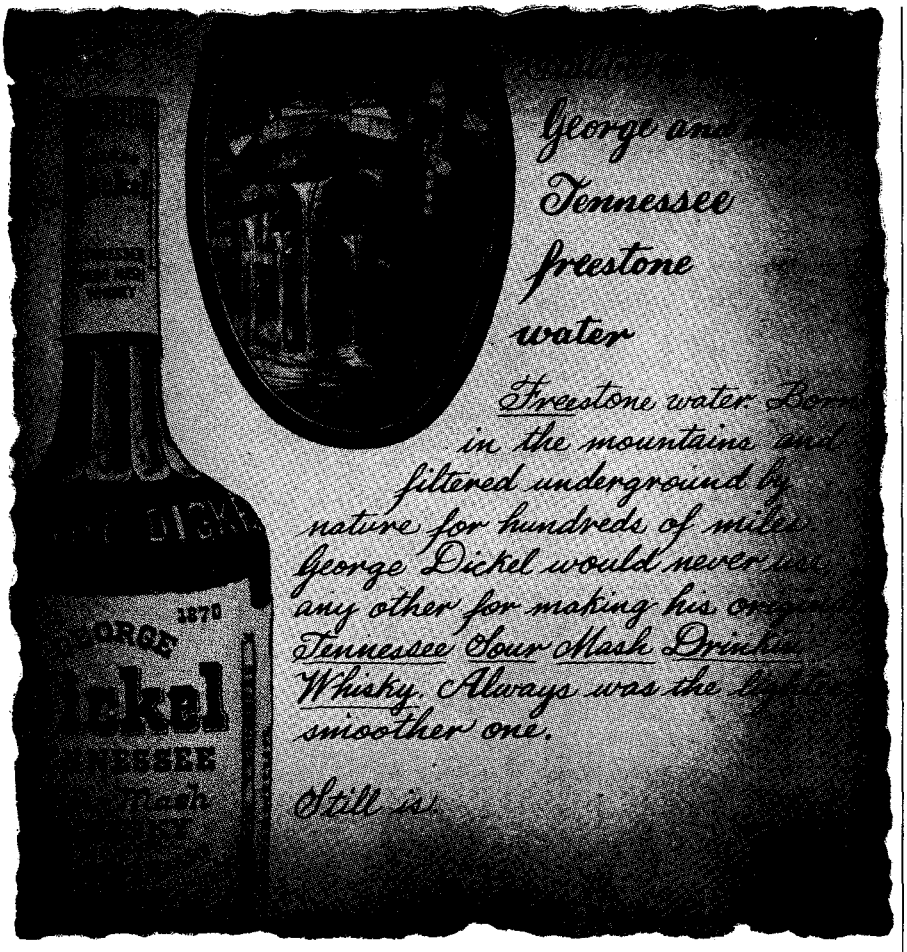

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President's personal staff may have felt (that was not their Washington reputation), surely those men who had been through the campaign with Kennedy, who knew him longest, and who enjoyed his confidence, had as strong an obligation to express their doubts to him as did the newly assembled cabinet members. Presumably, too, they knew better than the newcomers the extent to which the now forgotten aggressiveness of the Kennedy campaign line on Cuba was meant to represent policy.

EVEN THOUGH the good-guys-versus-bad-guys scheme of Schlesinger's history is fairly simple, it does not manage to avoid internal contradictions that do little for his argument. On the one hand, we learn, Kennedy dreamed of "a secret office of 30 people or so to run foreign policy." On the other, the smallness and secrecy of the operation that planned the Bay of Pigs invasion are alleged to have contributed mightily to the debacle. President Kennedy is, on the one hand, admired for being his own Secretary of State while, on the other, Secretary Rusk is faulted for being only a "perfect number two man."

In fact, we think a scrutiny of the characterization of Rusk produces some surprising conclusions. He had "a tidy and exact mastery of the technical detail of a bewildering range of foreign problems and a marked talent for concise and dispassionate exposition." In negotiations he was "vigilant, impassive, patient and skilled." His instinct was "for service, not for mastery." His mind, "for all its strength and clarity, was irrevocably conventional." Rusk "mistrusted what he called 'the flashy or sensational.'" If we can put behind us the hawks-versus-the-doves theory of foreign policy and think of it in terms of, say, the tortoises-versus-the-hares, all this sounds like an unintentional description of a man highly suited for the job he now holds. The only problem remaining is whether the other heavy of Schlesinger's account, Lyndon B. Johnson, will take Arthur Schlesinger's word for it.

—MEG GREENFIELD

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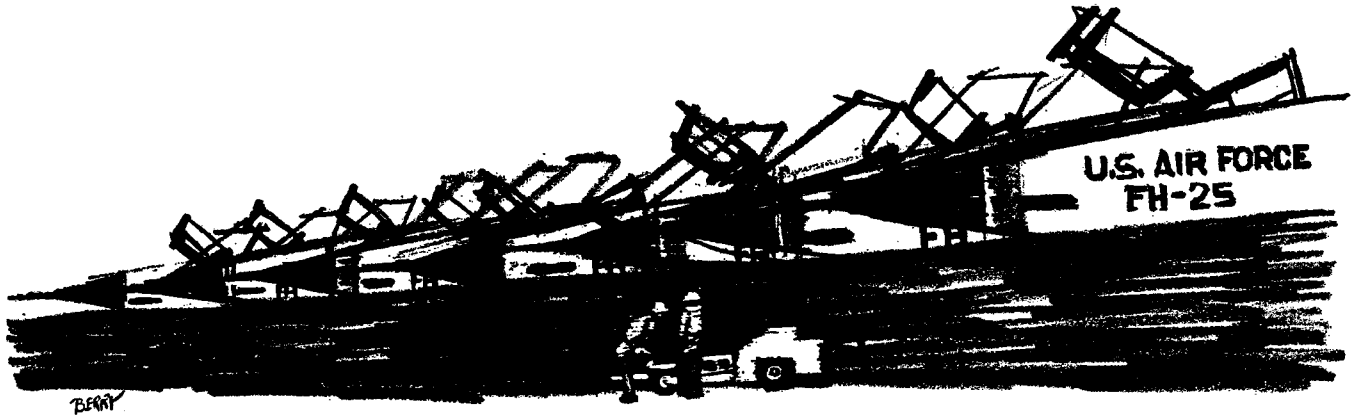

Vietnam: New Policy in the Making

HANSON W. BALDWIN

DESPITE the low-pitched key of his press conference on Vietnam late last month, President Johnson made it clear that we are at the beginning of a period of far greater U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. From President Kennedy's inauguration until the summer of 1965, we attempted to win a war without fighting it ourselves. Although the bombing of North Vietnam and the commitment of U.S. Marines and then Army troops to South Vietnam was a modification of this basic policy, it did not mean the abandonment of it.

It is now clear that our past policy has failed. As a result, President Johnson, though he chose not to stress the point at his press conference, is evolving a new Vietnamese policy—and for the first time, his own. He is taking the military measures he believes necessary to stabilize the fighting and force negotiations, and, if necessary, to "win" the war—in the sense of making it possible for a Saigon government to govern.

There were already many prior indications that the United States was starting a program of major escalation in Vietnam. They included major base and logistic development projects such as ports, airfields, and warehouses for U.S. forces in Vietnam; the $700-million supplemental appropriation for the 1965 military budget, passed by Congress in the spring; preparations, now confirmed by the President and Secretary of Defense McNamara, for increased draft calls; an increase in defense appropriations; and ultimately perhaps a limited call-up of the reserves.

Washington will remain receptive to negotiations with Hanoi—in fact it is pressing for them—but we are now frankly facing the fact that until the military-political situation in South Vietnam has been improved, it is unlikely that any basis can be found for a negotiated peace that could be accepted either by Hanoi or by Saigon and Washington.

THE new policy is based on the explicit acceptance of three major premises:

¶ That we are fighting a war, even though a limited one, in Vietnam. Mr. Johnson has so far refused to follow the advice of all of his principal military advisers to begin a limited mobilization, but the continuing troop commitments he has promised may still make this necessary.

¶ That South Vietnam alone cannot now win its struggle, and that if the war is to be brought to a satisfactory conclusion, the United States must assume a considerable, perhaps the major, share of the combat burden.

¶ That the Vietnamese war cannot be won by bombing or naval blockade, no matter how effective; that it must be won by commitment of large numbers of U.S. combat units to ground warfare.

The successful prosecution of the war on this basis will present new and major difficulties both in the theatre of operations and between Saigon and Washington. Here are some of the problems that will be coming up for decision in the weeks and months ahead.

Command

A large increase in the strength of U.S. ground units in South Vietnam and the commitment of those troops to active ground combat, rather than merely defensive security duties, immediately complicates the problem of command. There is today no unified command in South Vietnam, as there was in Korea. U.S. officers are advisers to the South Vietnamese; they do not command South Vietnamese forces. General William C. Westmoreland has the title of Commander, U.S. Military Assistance Command, Vietnam, and more recently acquired another title, Commander U.S. Army, Vietnam.

There are many thorny aspects to the command problem. Suggestions in the past that a joint South Vietnamese-U.S. command be established, with an American officer as the top commander, have been rejected because of the touchiness of Saigon's political situation and the danger that, with the help of Vietcong propaganda, a U.S. commander-in-chief might be viewed as an American proconsul, the embodiment of a new form of western colonialism. On the other hand, neither the U.S. military

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nor American public opinion would accept a Vietnamese commander-in-chief for U.S. combat forces. The dilemma so far has been met by separate and equal co-ordinating commands for the same battlefield area. A U.S. commander commands U.S. forces and a Vietnamese commander commands Vietnamese when both are in action in the same area. General Westmoreland retains sole control over U.S. forces and has the right to reject Vietnamese requests for combat aid. This system, however, violates the U.S. principle of unity of command and makes error more probable and battlefield success more difficult, as preliminary operations in the D Zone area by American paratroops and Vietnamese forces have shown. It can be made to work, although it will take much effort and tact to do so. Preferable, however, and perhaps inevitable, is a joint command.

The command problem will become more complex as forces of other nations join the war. Today, an Australian battalion is under the operational control of the commander of the U.S. 173rd Airborne Brigade, as a New Zeland artillery unit will be. A Korean division that is expected to be committed to central Vietnam in the next few months will probably be placed under U.S. Marine command. But South Vietnamese intelligence, reconnaissance, and liaison units assigned to foreign units will probably have to be commanded by persuasion and example rather than by order.

The co-ordination of such disparate forces may become particularly difficult as U.S. and Vietnamese air forces are called upon to provide close support for the same battlefield area. The best possible communications and the closest kind of co-ordination will be required; even so, it can be predicted that, as in the past, there will be costly mistakes.

THERE ARE other considerations. As U.S. troop strength increases in Vietnam, there will obviously be a need for American field commanders who will be subordinate to General Westmoreland. Two conflicting suggestions have been made. One—favored by the Marines—would establish a single field commander, under General Westmoreland, to direct all U.S. forces in the country. The other, favored by the Army, would establish four U.S. corps commanders, paralleling the South Vietnamese chain-of-command system. Each of these would command all U.S. troops in his geographical corps area and would report directly to General Westmoreland. Neither system has yet been adopted and probably neither should be until it is clear how many U.S. troops are to be committed and what our strategy is to be. But as the size of our forces increases, the four corps commanders may become necessary.

The command of U.S. air forces operating in and around Vietnam has also presented a problem in the past, but has been settled for the moment by a compromise of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The commander of the U.S. 2nd Air Division, Lieutenant General Joseph H. Moore, USAF, was recently promoted to three stars and made a deputy for air operations to General Westmoreland. But General Moore commands only USAF aircraft in and around Vietnam, although for certain missions Marine and Navy planes may also come under his operational control. Most of the time he has no command over Marine planes, the Navy's carrier-based planes, or the Army's helicop-

ters or light aviation. This system sounds cumbersome, but if the services are left alone by Washington, it works well.

A naval deputy—the first Navy flag officer assigned to Vietnam, Rear Admiral N. G. Ward—has recently undertaken the dual job of advising South Vietnamese naval forces engaged in stopping the infiltration of weapons and supplies along the Vietnamese coast, and co-ordination and liaison with the Seventh Fleet's recently established U.S. naval patrol force.

At the highest U.S. level in Saigon, the command problem could become equally touchy. Until now, the U.S. ambassador has been head of a "country team"; General Westmoreland, as commander of the U.S. Military Assistance Command, has been subordinate to him. It is no secret that this arrangement caused minor friction.

THOUGH General Westmoreland was a protégé of General Taylor's, he did not always see eye to eye with the ambassador about troop strengths or commitments; there is not much doubt that Westmoreland would have liked to increase U.S. force levels somewhat faster than Taylor. Furthermore, because Taylor was a military man used to the habit of command and because of his memories of the frustrating war in Korea, there was a temptation for him to take charge of military operations during his embassy. That he did not is a tribute to his restraint, but he did carefully monitor those operations, and particularly future plans.

Henry Cabot Lodge, though essentially a politician rather than a military man, also has a habit of command; his last tenure as ambassador in Saigon did not endear him to most of the U.S. mission. If Vietnam takes on the dimensions of a theatre of war as it well might, the relationship between ambassador and general may have to be changed, with the general becoming his own top man in the military field, and with the ambassador or some other representative of the State Department acting as political adviser. Somehow, one cannot see Lodge in this role. In any event, it will take remarkable forbearance on the part of the military and the State Department to avoid getting in each other's way.

Finally, a part of the command problem is the relationship of Vietnam and contiguous Southeast Asian areas to the U.S. Pacific Command at Hawaii. Today, General Westmoreland is subordinate to Admiral U. S. Grant Sharp, Jr., Commander-in-Chief, Pacific. Some time ago the Army urged that a more direct military command relationship from Saigon to Washington be established, and that a new land command for South Vietnam and/or Southeast Asia be set up independent of the

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Pacific Command. This suggestion was shelved at the time, but it is certain to be revived if the Vietnamese fighting approaches the scale and intensity of the Korean War.

Numbers

The starting figures which have been discussed in recent weeks as the basis for the new policy have ranged from 100,000 to 175,000 combat troops, plus the approximately 30,000 advisers and administrative personnel already in Vietnam. The President has now made an initial commitment of a total of 125,000 ground forces, or about 50,000 more than are presently stationed in Vietnam. He has ordered the immediate dispatch of the new helicopter-equipped 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile). Already in Vietnam are the equivalent of about two divisions with support forces in Vietnam—a large (30,000-man) Marine division and air wing; a brigade of the 1st Infantry Division; the 173rd Airborne Brigade and a brigade of the 101st Airborne Division. The rest of the 1st Infantry Division may follow later in the year, along with some of the 101st. But this may be only a beginning, enough perhaps to persuade Hanoi that it cannot win but not enough to produce victory.

President Johnson has apparently chosen to build up to these totals very slowly, chiefly for political and psychological reasons. Although the military had hoped that the President would announce a larger commitment, the slower scheduling fits the Army's concept of first providing an effective logistic base in South Vietnam before adding greatly to the total of combat troops. As of now, the coastal enclaves and airfields on which so much of the U.S. effort will depend are still overcrowded with construction crews and engineers.

The present strength of the South Vietnamese armed forces stands somewhere between 525,000 and 575,000 (probably closer to the lower figure because of the heavy losses in the monsoon attacks). An expansion has already started, but no major results can be expected until the end of the year, if then. Indeed, there is some question whether the induction rate has been keeping up with combat losses and desertions. The regular army of South Vietnam plans to increase by about forty battalions, or some 20,000 men, if possible, and another 80,000 to 140,000 men may be enlisted or drafted for regional and local forces. But the build-up is slow and uncertain; conscription operates spasmodically and ineffectively; the AWOL and desertion rates are high (most of the deserters do not defect to the Vietcong but simply return to their native villages). There is a shortage of trained junior officers and noncoms and training cadres. The indications are that it will be a long time before the Vietnamese armed forces can achieve a really substantial build-up.

As far as U.S. forces are concerned, the ultimate force levels needed to achieve victory (assuming a continuing refusal by Hanoi to negotiate) are generally estimated at 400,000 to 500,000 ground troops—that is, ten to twelve divisions with supporting forces, plus naval and air support. Varying estimates indicate that these troops might be required for a period ranging from a minimum of eighteen months up to perhaps three years before any of them could be withdrawn.

Strategy

How will U.S. ground forces be used? It is generally agreed among the military that as the new policy develops, it will require U.S. ground units to be used in active offensive operations. Two strategic concepts have been discussed. The first, already partially implemented, might be called an "ink-blot" strategy—the seizure and exploitation of coastal enclaves and a gradual spreading out until the pacified coastal areas overlap. Today, United States forces hold secure beachheads, each with landing beaches and/or docks, a secure seaborne line of communications, and fire support from the fleet (to prevent another Dienbienphu), at Hué-Phubai, Danang, Chulai, Quinhon, Nhatrang, Camranh Bay, and Vungtau-Saigon-Bienhoa. If the ink-blot strategy were implemented, these and other beachheads would be strengthened and increasingly extensive patrolling beyond the security perimeter would be undertaken. As outlying areas were occupied, cleaned up, and pacified, the enclaves would spread out and overlap, particularly along the coastal Route 1 and the rail lines. Then more intensive operations, with air and helicopter-transported troops, would fan out into key inland areas.

This strategy offers the advantage of mounting operations from secure bases. With their backs to the sea and supply lines secure, U.S. forces could probably hold these coastal strongholds even if there were massive North Vietnamese or Chinese intervention. But the process of build-up, development, and gradual expansion would be costly and slow.

An alternative strategy advocates a physical interruption of the Vietcong overland supply lines by utilizing some five or six U.S. divisions, plus Vietnamese and Laotian troops, to man a line from the sea to the Mekong River on the Thailand border, running across South Vietnam and Laos just south of the 17th parallel. Another five or six U.S. divisions would be used in cleaning up, clearing, and holding Vietcong-infested areas in South Vietnam. This strategy, while it has the advantage of severing what is at present the principal Vietcong supply route, involves political difficulties in Laos, and greater risk.

Sanctuaries

President Johnson has all along made it clear by actions as well as words that he will not indefinitely tolerate the utilization by the Vietcong of North Vietnam as a sanctuary and supply base. Our bombings have hurt and hampered Vietcong

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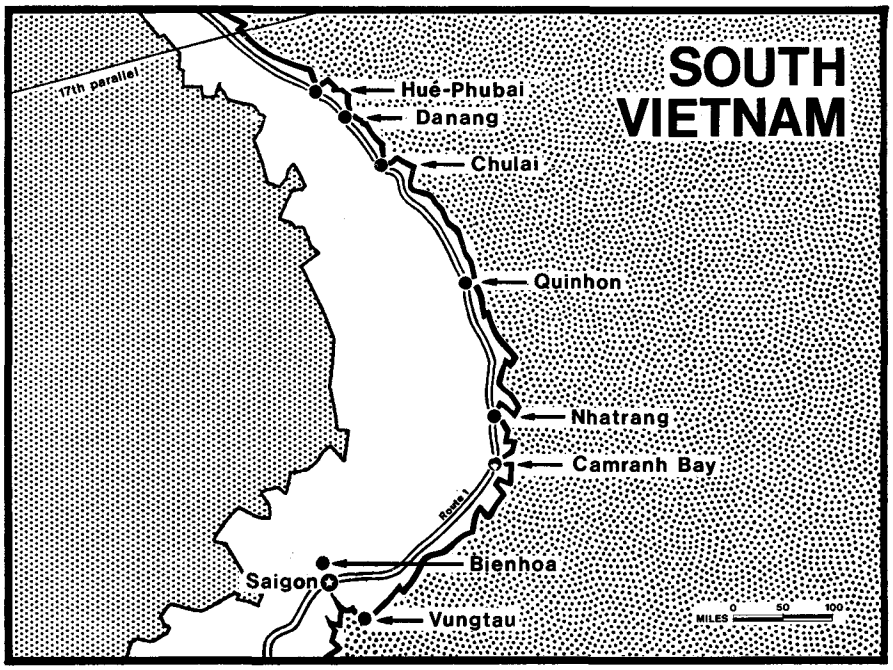
supply lines, but they have not crippled them. In any long drawn-out war in Vietnam, the problem of sanctuaries would become far more acute and sooner or later would have to be faced.

To begin with, should we attack the Hanoi-Haiphong sanctuary? So far, the U.S. has refrained from bombing the airfields around Hanoi, which harbor Soviet MIGs and I1-28 light bombers. It has not bombed the docks at Haiphong, where supplies brought by Iron Curtain and other ships are steadily strengthening the North Vietnamese military potential. It has not bombed, above all, the fuel-storage tanks near Haiphong, which are North Vietnam's principal supply. Protecting these fields and installations in the Hanoi-Haiphong area are SAM anti-aircraft missile sites generally similar to those the Russians installed in Cuba. The United States has so far refrained from attacking any of these missile sites, but has made one limited bombing of two newly discovered SAM sites that shot down one of our planes. This episode revealed that North Vietnam has acquired what are described in Washington as "semi-mobile" missiles and raised the question of how many more exist in North Vietnam.

As the war escalates, it seems likely that at least some of these targets, particularly the fuel tanks, will have to be attacked. This will increase the risks of a widening conflict, but one can scarcely commit thousands of ground troops to combat and possible death in South Vietnam if the fuel that helps to supply the enemy is left untouched. An alternative would be the bombardment of all the rail and road routes from China into North Vietnam—a program barely started—and/or a naval blockade of North Vietnam. Either measure would result in more serious international complications.

Laos is another area that must be denied to the enemy as a supply route if the Vietcong is to be defeated. Since it would take a long—perhaps an impossibly long—time to interdict those routes by bombing alone, troops may have to be stationed there.

The role of Cambodia, with all the political stickiness inevitably involved, is another problem. Many military men believe that the Vietcong receive major supplies across the virtually unmarked Cambodian frontier. But how to confirm and prevent it is not an easy matter.



Belatedly, the sea loophole—the infiltration route from North Vietnam, Hainan Island, and mainland China to the long and indented South Vietnamese coast—is being slowly closed by increased help of the U.S. Navy. But it will take a lot of patrolling to seal a coastline many hundred miles long, particularly when seventy-five thousand to eighty thousand junks normally sail these coastal waters. The Navy's task, like the Army's, will probably soon become larger and more intensive.

Manpower, Training, and Equipment

The expansion of the U.S. commitment in Vietnam and the prospect of a long involvement have made increased draft calls, more money, and eventually limited reserve call-up and mobilization mandatory. Confronted in recent years with global commitments, reduced budgets, and an expanding war in Vietnam, the services have been under an increasing strain. The Vietnamese war has not been "programmed" or allowed for in the regular defense budget. We have been robbing Peter to pay Paul—transferring specialists out of one unit when needed in Vietnam, robbing regular and even National Guard units of equipment to provide the needs of units earmarked for combat.

Nearly everybody in Washington now agrees that this cannot go on, and that it is only prudent, in view of the probability that the Vietnam situation will become worse before it gets better, for the nation to increase its ready strength. Although Mr. Johnson has refused for the moment to grasp the nettle of limited mobilization, he is certainly aware that it will be essential if the war continues.

A limited mobilization will encounter problems. Many of the regular Army units in this country have old equipment, and all the reserve units are deficient in both equipment and manpower. Taking a National Guard division as a yardstick, it would require a minimum of three or four months after its Federalization before it could be got ready for deployment overseas. Partly to remedy the shortages and deficiencies in the reserve units, the President has ordered a sharp increase in the draft and the creation of a new regular Army division and several independent brigades. But it will take many months to provide the manpower, equipment, and training to flesh out these new units.

The greatest problem of all is training. The Marines now in Vietnam have had jungle- and tropical-

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warfare training. The Army units, for the most part, are acquiring it the hard way—in combat. Even the 1st Cavalry Division (Airmobile) now en route has had no specialized training in jungle warfare. Actually, each division ought to have a minimum of eight weeks of special training and indoctrination in the special techniques and tactics of the Vietnamese war, before being committed to combat. Troops of the 1st Infantry Division, who suffered their first combat casualties in Vietnam within one month after leaving their home station at Fort Riley, Kansas, were in no sense ready for the peculiar conditions of Vietnam.

Political and Psychological

The major problem for President Johnson in the years ahead—both in Vietnam and on the global front—will be how to enlist and hold American and Allied support for a long and dirty war of attrition. It will not be easy. The French won the war in Algeria in a military sense; they lost it politically and psychologically when they lost public support on the home front and among their allies. Mr. Johnson has chosen to work toward a new policy with caution and restraint; for the short term, the build-up in Vietnam will accordingly be slow and piecemeal as the President attempts to keep public opinion on his side. The dangers of this "gradualism" are clear: our increased forces may be too little and too late to turn the adverse tide of the war; conversely, the growing political and public opposition to more massive and more rapid troop commitments may hobble the President's actions.

It is generally recognized in Washington that the military build-up which President Johnson has now launched represents in effect a short-term "stopgap" policy. The administration hopes that increased but still limited escalation may yet bring Hanoi and Moscow to the conference table. If not, it is prepared to move swiftly into what Washington calls "the second phase" of far greater commitment. In short, the new road in Vietnam may lead a long way without a turning. It will require national patience and fortitude to a degree unmatched in any previous war the United States has fought.

Singapore's Restless Chinese

SETH S. KING

KUALA LUMPUR

AT THE OPENING of the session of Malaysia's parliament earlier this summer, scarcely a word was spoken on the message of the king, the nominal head of state, whose speech serves, after the British model, both as a state of the union address and an outline of the government's legislative program. Instead, for more than a week, one government speaker after another rose to attack Lee Kuan Yew, prime minister of Singapore, who, like the chief ministers of the Malaysian states of Sarawak and Sabah, is also a member of the house of representatives. Lee had upset everything by offering an amendment to the customary motion of thanks that was, in effect, a move to censure the government. In it, he charged that the king's message, by sidestepping the issue of a truly representative government, had "added to the doubts over the intentions of the present government and over the measures it would adopt when faced with the loss of a majority popular vote."

He chose this means of asking whether the Malays intended to claim forever the right to control Malaysia on the ground that they were its native people and whether the country's ethnic Chinese, who now actually outnumber the Malays, could ever expect to have what he calls a "fair share in the ownership of Malaysia."

With these carefully chosen words, Lee had summoned forth the specter that has haunted the Malays since the end of the Second World War—the fear that the ethnic Chinese would somehow take the control of their country away from them. He was also, by indirection, raising another and more far-reaching question for all of Southeast Asia: Can the overseas Chinese ever be truly assimilated as loyal citizens in a self-governing society? Or are the cultural and emotional ties that bind all Chinese to their homeland, regardless of their political convictions, so strong that they outweigh all else?

MALAYSIA is less than two years old, and Indonesia, its huge and very close neighbor, is trying to destroy it. Why had Lee chosen this time to focus the country's attention on such a potentially explosive matter?

"If we keep quiet now, these problems will only grow worse and five years from now it may be impossible to solve them without tearing this country apart," he said to me recently. We were drinking beer in the parliamentary lounge. Lee had just left the chamber, where government speakers had been accusing him of being, among other things, a traitor and using the racial issue to gain personal power.

"I have a thick skin," he said. "Let them say what they choose. We have to know now whether the non-Malays who helped build this country are going to have a share in running it. Some government members are now saying we must become accustomed to Malay rule. They are fools if they think they can claim this right on the basis of heredity. I have a motivation in what I'm doing. I have to look ahead for ten or even twenty-five years, and see that there is something guaranteed for the chaps I represent."

The storm that arose over the Lee amendments has since diminished, but its thunder is still rumbling in the background. And its intensity has shown clearly that the founda-

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tions upon which Malaysia was built were shakier than its architects cared to admit.

Malaysia emerged in 1963 through a combination of expediency and desire on the part of both Britain and Tengku Abdul Rahman, then prime minister of an already independent Malaya and now prime minister of Malaysia. At that time, Singapore was clamoring for independence but was unable to stand alone economically; its restless leftists, many of them Communists linked to Peking, were close to controlling Singapore's local government. The logical geographical solution was union with Malaya. But if Singapore's predominantly Chinese population were to be added to the 2.7 million Chinese in Malaya, the indigenous Malays would immediately become a racial minority. Britain solved this problem by adding the colonies of Sarawak and Sabah and the protectorate of Brunei (which reneged at the last minute) to the new federation. In theory, the Malays and the native tribal groups of these areas, who are of Malay stock, would then balance the Chinese. And Britain would be able to reduce its responsibilities in the Far East while retaining its military bases in Singapore and its economic advantages in Malaya.

Lee was as enthusiastic about the plan as the Tengku and the British. His left-of-center People's Action Party defeated the extreme leftists on the issue of Malaysia and increased the party's majority in the Singapore assembly. Malaya's constitution was then amended, adding the three new states and changing the new federation's name to Malaysia. The new states were given certain prerogatives previously reserved for the federal government. In turn, the Malays retained the special privileges granted them when Malaya became independent in 1957, notably 104 of the 159 seats in the House. In effect, the government of Malaya, dominated by Malays, became the government of Malaysia.

Among the privileges reserved for the Malays are a four-to-one preference in filling all civil-service positions, first call on all federal licenses and scholarships, and preference in leasing government mining and timber lands. At the time, it was assumed that the Malays would run the government and the Chinese and Indians would run the economy, as they had in the past in Malaya. But today the Malay leaders are striving to promote Malay business enterprises, and Lee and his hard-driving party are trying to bring the Chinese into a position in government at least equal to the Malays.

Ants and Grasshoppers

Antipathy between the Chinese and the Malays started a hundred years ago when Chinese laborers, with the blessing of the British, swarmed into Malaya and Singapore. The languid Malays, who lived a sleepy pastoral life under their Moslem sultans, found themselves caught in a quickening economic society, where the Chinese were willing to work endlessly for whatever the country would yield. Today the Chinese own virtually all the retail business in Malaysia, provide most of the skilled labor, and own the bus and truck lines. A great many rural Malays are in debt to the Chinese merchants who buy and transport their crops. Thus, the problem of balancing the races existed in Malaya itself long before the new federation was created. And Lee believes there can never be a genuine "Malaysian Malaysia" so long as Malaysians are taught that they are first of all Malays, Chinese, or Indians.

In discussing the role of the overseas Chinese, Lee likes to cite Singapore itself. He points out that it is the only place in Southeast Asia where the ethnic Chinese have a majority and are running their own affairs with no links to Peking. Lee's official attitude toward mainland China has been properly circumspect. For the most part, he has refrained from commenting on Peking's motives. In turn, the Chinese Communists have not directly attacked him. He is well aware of Peking's pressures on the rest of Southeast Asia and has said that he can understand the actions of some Asian leaders, such as Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, in attempting to accommodate themselves to Peking. But he has told friends that this does not mean the ethnic Chinese must accept the hegemony of the new China.

The domestic record of Lee and the People's Action Party has been impressive. His government has provided public housing for Singapore's burgeoning population, promoted one of the most rapid industrialization programs in the world, and attempted to expand and diversify Singapore's role as the trade center of Southeast Asia. But the record of the Tengku Abdul Rahman's Malaysian Alliance Party, an amalgam of Malay, Chinese, and Indian parties, is also impressive. It has broadened the economic base of rubber and tin left by the British, expanded Malaya's industry and farm land, and kept its budget in balance. The government is now ready to launch its first federation-wide five-year plan to extend employment and increase individual earning power, at the same time that it energetically provides direct financial assistance to encourage Malays to compete with the ethnic Chinese.

Lee Kuan Yew has frequently said that he has no quarrel with the concept of Malay privileges. "These people are admittedly quite backward and must be helped," he told me. "We accepted this when we came into Malaysia. But there must be some time limit, maybe even twenty years, when we are to have a truly Malaysian Malaysia. But I have not heard a major Alliance leader admit that this was desirable."

The first significant clash between Lee and the Malay nationalists occurred a year ago, when leaders of the Tengku's United Malays National Organization (UMNO) went to Singapore to urge the island's Malays to put their trust in the Malaysian government instead of Lee Kuan Yew. Within a few days, vicious fighting broke out between the Chinese and Malays and erupted again a month later. In all, more than twenty people were killed. Since then the UMNO leaders have been advocating greater unity among the Malays and a more vigorous defense of their position. Syed Ja'afar Albar, the fiery secretary-general of UMNO, charges Lee with being a Communist-oriented racialist and a traitor. He recently led UMNO delegates in adopting a resolution demanding the arrest of Lee under Malaysia's emergency laws. Lee himself threw more fuel on the fire when he declared that no single racial group in Malaysia could claim to be the original peo-

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ple. Pointing out that Syed Ja'afar himself was an immigrant from Indonesia, Lee asked how he could claim to be more indigenous than Lee, whose family has lived in Singapore for three generations. Nor did Lee help matters when, during a tour of Australia last spring, he insinuated that what he calls the "ultras" have taken control of UMNO and pushed the Tengku into the background. And recently he jolted the government by publicly reciting the latest population figures. These show that the ethnic Chinese now make up 42.3 per cent of Malaysia's 10.7 million people and the Malays only 39.4 per cent. The rest are either Eurasian or natives of Sarawak and Sabah who do not consider themselves Malay.)

By deliberately raising the issue of racial equality, Lee has taken a big risk. He has been warned by Malay leaders that the patience of their people should not be tested any further. They have not challenged his population figures, but they have challenged his right to publish them.

In private conversation, Syed Ja'afar substitutes a mild manner for the passion he exudes when rousing his Malay members. "If things keep going this way, Malaysia will break up," he said recently when I talked with him in the parliament lobby. "If Lee wants to be prime minister, let him try to be elected. But why is he trying to provoke the Malays? Certainly we are backward in all other matters. But right now we have the numbers.

"If you discuss this racial problem openly, there is certain to be trouble," he went on. "The Malays feel hurt when Lee keeps bringing up this thirty-nine per cent figure. I tell you, he is a dangerous man and a threat to this country. We should arrest him now."

'Other Arrangements'

The next general elections, which must be held before April, 1969, will be Malaysia-wide, with all seats in the house of representatives contested. The People's Action Party, or any Chinese-dominated coalition it might head, will be starting from a long way behind. The Alliance now holds 125 of the 159 seats in the House. The majority of these are from constituencies in Malaya that are, quite legally, apportioned to the advantage of Malay candidates.

The government has declared that it intends to continue genuine democracy in Malaysia. It felt obliged to give this assurance after the extreme nationalists in UMNO hinted that the constitution might have to be suspended if Singapore refused to fit itself quietly into Malaysia. But the emergency laws, invoked after the Indonesian attacks began, have already been used to suspend local elections originally scheduled for this spring in Malaya and to prohibit strikes by civil servants and workers in key industries.

Lee has been accused of suggesting partition of Malaysia as a solution to the racial problem. He vehemently denies that he ever used this term. But he does say that if the Malays insist on dominating Malaysia forever, then Singapore, Sarawak, Sabah, and perhaps the Malayan states of Malacca and Penang, all of them with non-Malay majorities, might have to seek "other arrangements." He does not choose to elaborate on what these other arrangements would be.

Lee, at forty-one, is still young. He has time on his side. There are three more years in which to expand the organization of the PAP throughout Malaysia. Even though his chances of winning control of the Malaysian government in 1969 are almost nil, by 1974 he would still be only fifty. The Tengku, now sixty-two, is admittedly growing weary of the burdens of office, and it is unlikely that he would choose to stay in office beyond the 1969 elections.

SECESSION must always be considered a possibility. But the testing point on such an extreme is still far away. The threat from Indonesia is more immediate and serious. Neither Malaysia nor any combination of its constituents could withstand Djakarta's military numbers without the direct physical support of Britain. It is highly unlikely that the British would go on providing this expensive deterrent for a partitioned Malaysia.

But the challenge has been made to the Malays and the issue will not be left to die. It would be hard to find an informed observer in Malaysia who is certain that this country will never have a Chinese prime minister. And there is no one now certain that the new nation will not undergo radical changes during the next decade.

Sukarno Makes Trouble In the Philippines

OSCAR S. VILLADOLID

MANILA

IN FRONT of the sprawling United States embassy in Manila's fashionable district of Ermita not long ago, students and laborers paraded a huge effigy of a bloated and grinning Uncle Sam dangling an emaciated Filipino at the end of an iron chain. They were followed by a long procession of students bearing black caskets to a brass band's measured dirge. The demonstrators proceeded to put the American flag to the torch. In the flickering light the red letters on big placards read: "DELIVER US FROM EVIL AMERICAN ADVISERS," "DOWN WITH NEO-COLONIALISM!," "CIA WORSE THAN COMMUNIST!," U.S. BASES OUT!"

It was the seventh in a series of massive anti-American demonstrations that began in October, 1963, and the size and mood of the jostling, jeering throng were ominous. The marchers demanded immediate removal of U.S. bases and outright abrogation of existing military and economic agreements between the two countries, including the Laurel-Langley Agreement of 1955, which preserves preferential treatment for American business in the islands. They also called upon their govern-

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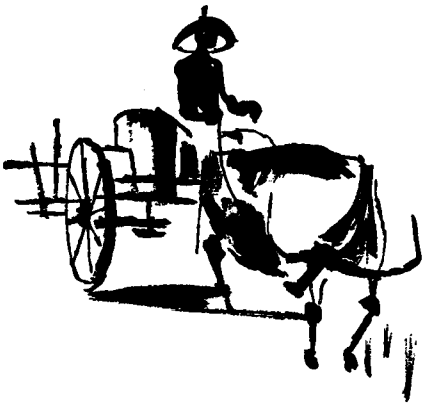
ment to open the diplomatic and commercial relations with China and the other Communist countries that it has shunned since the Philippines were granted their independence in 1946.

In the years since 1952, when Ramón Magsaysay crushed the rebellion of the Communist-led Hukbalahaps, the nation had witnessed few such outbursts. But this does not make the recent demonstrations any less serious. The activities of Indonesian embassy officials have also added to the concern here over the growing Communist movement. By cultivating influential Filipinos, the Indonesians have partly succeeded in winning some segments of the free-swinging press. Local Sukarnophile journalists willing to write daily columns on "U.S. imperialism, neo-colonialism, and aggression in Vietnam" prosper. It has been charged that Indonesian money, and some which is suspected to come from Peking, has been influencing the election of certain officers of the Philippine National Press Club for the last three years. Only this spring, the National Press Club sent a known Communist, who had won acquittal from conviction for party membership on a technicality, as its representative to the tenth anniversary of the Bandung Conference in Djakarta.

LAST DECEMBER, America's largest military installation in Southeast Asia, the airbase at Clark Field in central Luzon, some sixty-five miles north of Manila, was the target of demonstrations by the extreme Left protesting two accidental killings of Filipinos by American servicemen. Among the genuine nationalist demonstrators there were also Communists and Indonesian students. While an anti-subversion law has made membership in any Communist Party, foreign or local, punishable by life imprisonment, Communist-front groups have found Indonesian-sponsored activities a convenient cover. The recent arrest by the National Bureau of Investigation of an Indonesian professional "student" named Iljas Bakri provided a case in point. Though he had been declared persona non grata in July, 1963, Bakri managed to stay on after he was given diplomatic status by the Indonesian embassy. He is known to have participated in, and possibly helped instigate, recent anti-American demonstrations here; he has also been accused as an Indonesian espionage agent. Bakri, who spent eight years in Philippine schools studying for a two-year master's degree, was finally deported to Indonesia last spring.

The still comparatively small left-wing groups pushing the pro-Communist line are generally dismissed by the public as troublemakers and misguided souls. So far their voices have had little influence in the administration of President Diosdado Macapagal, which has sought firmer defense ties with the U.S. Their mis-



sion hews closely to Huk Political Transmission No. 15, intercepted in 1960, which stated: "The parliamentary struggle" must be based on the premise that "to be pro-Filipino, one must necessarily be anti-American-imperialist." In obedience to this directive, the Communist-line Kabataan Makabayan (Youth of the Land), in co-operation with the Lapiang Mangagawa, or Workers' Union, last January 25 led the biggest anti-American demonstration yet staged in Manila.

The Indonesian diplomats' freedom to operate so openly is partly attributable to the tolerance that the Filipinos traditionally show their neighbors to the south. The Philippines has been independent for nineteen years now, and there is much sympathy for the southern "Malay brothers" who had a more difficult time both as a colony and in their efforts to gain independence. This attitude has led to a foolhardy confidence among government officials that Indonesia's irresponsible and revolutionary ideas cannot possibly infect the politically and socially sophisticated Filipinos. It was this patronizing attitude that contributed to the myopic Philippine policy of moderation toward Sukarno on the explosive Malaysia question. Filipino officials have since learned the bitter lesson that Sukarno cannot be persuaded to curb his aggressive instincts.

For the government, the all too obvious Indonesian role in the demonstrations has come as a rude awakening. Last year security agencies seized documents from the Huk chief Jesús Lava that indicated a tie-up between Indonesian and local Communists. They are also concerned about the continuing Indonesian infiltration and illegal entry in the southern islands facing the Indonesian island of Celebes. The capture of Anton Diranga, a member of the Indonesian Air Force disguised as a "wetback," greatly disturbed President Macapagal. Despite his frequently proclaimed friendship with Sukarno, Macapagal said bluntly that illegal entrants from Indonesia, who now number some twelve thousand in Mindanao and the adjoining islands, are to be viewed "as serious to this republic's national interest."

Visiting these southern islands last March, President Macapagal found to his obvious consternation that the local Indonesian population outnumbered Filipinos four to one. Even the Filipinos who listened to his speeches in the town plazas had difficulty in singing the Philippine national anthem. He heard, too, from security officials that Indonesian authorities had taken no steps to halt the illegal immigration.

TWO YEARS AGO, before the creation of Malaysia, the president exchanged fond embraces with Bung Karno in Manila. The occasion was the launching of Maphilindo, a loose association of Malaya, the Philippines, and Indonesia that had been conceived by Macapagal as a political, economic, social, and cultural union among the Malay peoples—the embodiment of the dream of Filipino visionaries like José P. Rizal and Manuel L. Quezon. Since that time, however, and despite a solemn agreement on *musjawara,*

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or brotherly consultation, Sukarno committed his guerrilla forces against Malaysia without a hint to Macapagal of what was coming. Dismayed at Sukarno's disregard of the Bandung Declaration of 1955 and the United Nations Charter, Macapagal publicly dissociated the Philippines from Sukarno's adventure. The president, already wary over Sukarno's ranting that Malaysia's eleven million people were out to dominate Indonesia's 103 million, was surprised by what he learned during his Mindanao visit. Philippine Army officials said that the Indonesians were building new military and missile bases in the Celebes area, threatening the Philippines' rich southern island. The president promptly ordered an increase of the armed forces in the Muslim-dominated south. He sought a 200-million peso (more than $50-million) appropriation, partly to be used for building a naval substation in Polloc Bay, Cotabato Province, in southern Mindanao, and directed the government to re-examine Philippine-Indonesian relations. In particular, Macapagal was worried about the Filipino Muslims, who make up over five per cent of the Philippines' thirty-two million population and might become an easy prey to Indonesian irredentism.

Sukarno's immediate goal is to keep the Philippines neutral in the Indonesian campaign against Malaysia. This would ensure for Djakarta a buffer to the north, thus protecting the Indonesian flank in Celebes and Kalimantan (Indonesian Borneo). Sukarno has not forgotten that during the revolt of the Indonesian "Young Colonels" in 1958, Filipino gunrunners supplied the rebels in this area, and that Philippine officials closed their eyes to the use of U.S. bases for aiding the rebels.

But Sarkarno also has a larger and more grandiose design—to bring Malaya, Singapore, Sarawak, Sabah (North Borneo), Brunei, and the Philippines under Djakarta's influence and to create in these areas a friendly disposition toward Communist China. Since the Philippines is contributing to U.S. efforts in Vietnam and has rejected any links with China, Indonesia, with the largest Communist Party outside the Soviet Union and China, offers a natural channel for Peking to communicate with potential sympathizers in the country. Such contacts are vital to Peking, for the U.S. military presence here is a major obstacle to China's ambition to dominate Southeast Asia.

Huk Resurgence

Another prominent Filipino who is disturbed by these developments is the late President Magsaysay's defense secretary, General Jesús Vargas. In a recent interview, he said that although the government crushed the Huk rebellion thirteen years ago, "The danger from Communism is far from over. Unless we wake up, the situation will

reach the same serious proportions, perhaps be even worse than in 1947-1949." Vargas, who was recently named secretary-general of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization, traced the threat to local Communist agitators "who are riding the wave of nationalism. . . . It is very possible that the recent demonstrations we have had here protesting American policies are tainted. Why not? The Communist political line defines nationalism as hate America."

During the last year or more, remnants of the Huks have been striking terror in unguarded central Luzon *barrios* and municipalities. Aided by bandits, they have murdered local officials unfriendly to them. Last year, thirty-two were killed by Huk liquidation squads in Pampanga Province. In Tarlac Province, some 120 miles north of Manila, Huk terrorists shot and killed eighteen persons in 1964, including unco-operative *barrio* and town officials.

A daring Huk operation took place in full view of some four thousand people at the height of the town fiesta in Magalang, Pampanga. The youthful mayor, an opponent of the Huks, was killed with a submachine gun. The Huks have placed some eighty *barrios* in central Luzon under their authority by night and in remote places even exercise control by day. In the city of Angeles near Clark Field Huks and their collection teams prowl the night clubs and brothels for contributions. Vice lords and their bodyguards contribute as much as twenty per cent of their profits to purchase "protection." Even jeepney drivers have to pay Huk collectors. Army authorities now estimate there are about fifteen thousand Huks throughout the country.

The military authorities are not sure who is at the helm of the movement, now that the old leaders are either dead or in jail. They think leardership may be in the hands of Pedro Taruc, secretary of the Politburo. Huk commanders Castro Alejandrino and Juan Sumulong are other possibilities. Though Communist Chinese instructors manned Huk training centers during the Second World War, when the Huks fought the Japanese and the landlords, the military authorities have failed to uncover any evidence to show that Peking's agents are still active in training.

THE SUCCESS of the Communists and their sympathizers will depend largely upon how the administration meets the long-standing problems of graft and unemployment. Its failure to make good on promises of moral reform has produced a deep dissatisfaction among intellectuals and middle- and working-class Filipinos, and the Communist are exploiting this to their advantage. Aided by a rise in the cost of living as well as growing unemployment, the Communists have registered perceptible gains in labor organizations, where their influence is manifested in strikes and violence.

President Macapagal has done much to keep the Communist movement from getting out of hand, notably in approving a land-reform law that seeks to revamp the centuries-old land-tenure system. Implementation of the law has been slow, however, largely because of lack of funds. More fundamental reforms are needed if the Huks are to be kept from gaining in the provinces. And, most important of all Macapagal will have to take an even firmer line with Sukarno and his trouble-making tactics in the Philippines.

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Field Day for the Left in Athens

GEORGE BAILEY

ATHENS

WITHIN two hours after landing at the airport here, I was in the middle of the riot. In the continuing protests over King Constantine's dismissal of Premier George Papandreou the week before, demonstrations had been called in the name of the students of Athens for that evening. By the time I arrived, the demonstrators, some ten thousand of them, were marching in fairly loose formation up one of the city's main thoroughfares, Stadiou Street, carrying placards and chanting "Long live the united people," "Down with the government," and "We want Papandreou."

As they passed, it was easy to spot the professional agitators: deadly earnest fellows carrying metal placard staffs instead of the usual wooden ones and rhythmically punching the air over their heads to give a beat to their chanting. But the overwhelming majority, smiling or laughing, were obviously out for a lark.

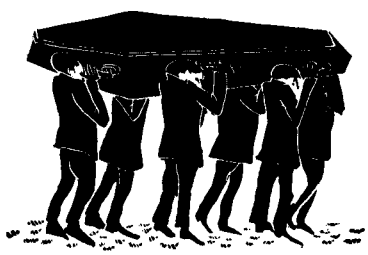
Suddenly the parade slowed. I made my way to the front, only to find the entrance to the next street blocked by a phalanx of police. A police wagon with a loudspeaker on the roof was parked in the middle of the street, and behind it an armored car; two policemen wearing gas masks stood in the open turrets. Then I saw the first sign of imminent violence: crazy motions of the banners up front that indicated a struggle for possession of the banner staffs between the police and demonstrators. Instead of calling for a halt, the agitators stepped up the beat of chanting and pressed ahead.

A police officer mounted a fender of the armored car and tried to talk to the crowd. In the clamor it was hopeless. A moment later a second armored car drew up with more policemen in gas masks. Someone began throwing objects that looked like pieces of wood, and then the crowd parted like a wave as police charged, swinging their billy clubs. Up the street a police car rounded the corner and lobbed two tear-gas grenades into an open-air restaurant full of gaping tourists.

There was much that was strange about the riot. The demonstrations, it was clear, had been carefully engineered, and blood—the most important prop—was sought for show. I have never seen so many cameramen working so close to centers of violence with almost complete impunity. The demonstrators were obviously playing to the picture press. The moment blood was shed, a victim would be spirited before the camera and posed by his comrades for shots from several angles. I saw cameramen ushered to a place where a young man with a good scalp wound could posture for them. The crowd had been expertly maneuvered into a gradual collision with the police, whereupon it panicked and became a mob.

IN THE pandemonium that followed, the greatest danger was that of being trampled. And indeed it was by trampling that the agitators won the great prize of the day: the death of a twenty-three-year-old student of commerce, Sotirios Petroulas. (Autopsy revealed that death was caused by internal bleeding and suffocation.) The extreme Left had its martyr.

The funeral of the young victim was announced, planned, and carried out as a blatant political demonstration by the Left. At ten o'clock on the morning of the following day, a crowd gathered in and around the cathedral where Petroulas's body lay in state. Chants and placards went up immediately: "Down with Government by Assassins," "Athanatos [Immortal] Petroulas." Thousands of pamphlets were passed announcing the formation of an "all-student democratic movement" in the name of Sotirios Petroulas with a list of solemn oaths "to our dead hero," swearing to continue the struggle for democracy and independence, for liberation of Cyprus, liquidation of corrupt traitors like the new premier, and the return of Greece to Greeks (an allusion to the presence in Greece of a large American NATO contingent and an American Military Assistance Group).



The crowd stood in the boiling sun for more than an hour while groups of agitators, bearing huge wreaths of flowers mounted on poles, filed into the square and took up positions in a side street. A Cadillac hearse succumbed to the heat and had to be replaced by a Chevrolet, but in the end the casket was carried more than a mile through jammed streets to the cemetery, with pallbearers working in shifts. Petroulas's father, brother, and sister were transported on the shoulders of the crowd. By the time the procession had moved three blocks, there were perhaps 250,000 people involved.

By this time, all political parties and factions in the country were playing to the gallery. Immediately after the funeral, former Premier Papandreou, the seventy-eight-year-old liberal politician who had precipitated the crisis by resigning and then fanned it by protests to his public following, called a press conference to give his version of his feud with the king over alleged infiltration of the army by the Left. The central issue, he said, was a constitutional one of whether the king has the right to impose his will on a duly elected government.

On the face of it, this is true. The issue is recurrent in Greek politics, and is highly charged by the public's recollection of the republican interlude from 1923 to 1935 that followed the deposition of King George II. The Greek constitution proscribes any arbitrary interference by the crown in the affairs of the nation, but simultaneously endows the sovereign with both legislative and executive powers to be exercised only through his min-

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isters: the crown is to function as the guarantor of the will of the people. In the nature of Greek monarchical democracy, any controversy between king and premier is likely to be a surface manifestation of a deep-seated antipathy between government and people.

Full Speed Aport

The Greek Communists, of course, have found all this ready to their purpose. After the Second World War, the Communists, who had pre-empted the wartime Greek underground resistance movement, attempted to take over the government by insurrection with aid from Soviet Russia and the Cominform. The result was the Greek civil war, from 1946 to 1949, which ended only with prosecution of the war under joint Greek-American command and Yugoslavia's closing its borders to the rebels as a result of Tito's break with Stalin. Several thousand rebels found refuge in Poland and the Soviet Union, a great many of whom have since been granted amnesty or repatriated by other means. Ten thousand more Communists were imprisoned in Greece. Most of these have also been granted amnesty but at a rate unsatisfactory to the Communists. In April, 1963, for instance, a Mrs. Ambatielos, the British wife of a Greek Communist political prisoner, who had publicly appealed to the Greek government for the release of her husband, was used by the Communists as a rallying point for demonstrations in London during a visit of Queen Frederika. There was some violence and the queen narrowly escaped being manhandled. Premier Constantin Karamanlis then advised the late King Paul to desist from a planned state visit to London in July. The king refused, and Karamanlis resigned in protest.

Here again the difference between king and premier was merely the surface issue. Karamanlis, the head of the conservative National Radical Union (ERE), had been zealous—not a few people thought overzealous—in his protection of government agencies from Communist infiltration and his exclusion of Communist returnees from public life. There were charges, not always entirely unfounded, of police brutality. Karamanlis and his generation had vivid memories of Communist violence during the civil war. The younger generation had not. In refusing to follow Karamanlis's advice, Paul was taking account of a growing opposition to the stern measures of the conservative government and the social injustices it had failed to eliminate.

When Karamanlis resigned, the Union of the Center Party (EK) was voted into power with Papandreou at its head. Karamanlis left the country "in the interests of internal harmony." The pendulum swung back toward the Left with alarming speed and against the ominous backdrop of the Cyprus issue, the Cypriot government's rejection of the NATO solution in favor of a United Nations occupation force, and a sharp increase in Communist influence on the island, including acceptance of arms shipments and long-term trade agreements with the Soviet bloc. At his press conference, Papandreou himself posed the question whether his policies were paving the way for a Communist take-over. "The difference," he said, "is one of method in the struggle against Communism: the right wing uses the police—a method which only strengthens the Communists—while we use social democracy, which deprives the Communists of their arguments."

In fact, Papandreou reversed the conservative policy full throttle. Within a year the Greek Central Intelligence Service, and with it the country's various security organs, had been decimated by firings, forced resignations, and transfers to provincial posts. If Karamanlis set the police against the public, Papandreou set the public against the police. He went so far as to announce on one occasion that since all power was now in the hands of the people, citizens should pay no attention to policemen. As a result, the police force was thoroughly demoralized: policemen making an arrest could be disciplined, fined, or fired outright because of a complaint lodged by a suspect. Leftist organizations made ample use of this opportunity to humiliate and provoke their traditional "oppressors."

PAPANDREOU'S "liberal" policies were so extreme that he gradually alienated large sections of his own catchall party. A storm signal went up in February when he accepted a motion introduced by the United Democratic Left, the front for the Greek Communist Party, calling for an investigation of the public power corporation under the Karamanlis régime. This would have involved the return of Karamanlis from Paris to stand trial on charges of corruption. Panayotis Kanellopoulos, leader of the conservative ERE, struck back by calling for Papandreou's removal.

The premier retaliated by exposing the "Pericles Plan" of the army general staff, which had been drawn up to secure the 1961 elections for Karamanlis. (The plan was never implemented; there was no need for it.) In May, General George Grivas, the hero of the Cypriot resistance movement against the British, submitted a report exposing the leftist ASPIDA (Shield) conspiracy within the army, in which Papandreou's son Andreas, a deputy minister in his father's cabinet, was apparently implicated. The administrative investigation that followed, although hindered at every turn by the premier, ultimately implicated thirty officers, including the deputy chief of Greek Army intelligence and the chief of intelligence of the Greek Army contingent on Cyprus. The conspiracy evidently—and ominously—began on Cyprus, where the Communist organization AKEL is particularly strong, well organized, and closely supported by the Soviet Union.

At this point, the king interceded directly, demanding a full-scale judicial investigation of the conspiracy. The army is the power base of the Greek establishment in general and of the monarchy in particular; there have been too many military coups in modern Greek history for any comfort in the present situation. To the king's astonishment, Papandreou replied that results of the administrative investigation did not warrant a judicial investigaton. The king turned directly to the minister of defense and the investigation proceeded. Thereupon Papandreou dismissed the minister of defense, who in turn refused to resign without a writ of dismissal signed by the King.

When Papandreou forwarded the writ for the king's signature early last month, he was asked to name a replacement. Papandreou announced

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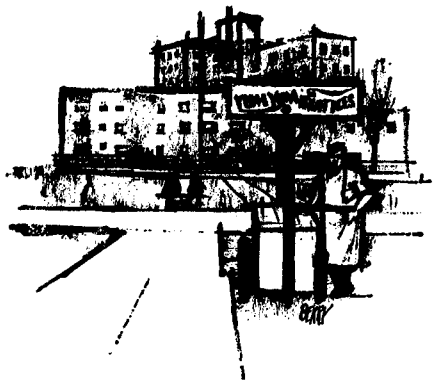
that he himself would take over the defense ministry in addition to his offices as premier and minister for education. The king subsequently refused and Papandreou announced that the king would have his resignation the following morning. (He apparently intended to put the issue before the people in the hours while he was still premier and to call for new elections.) Constantine then surprised Papandreou and everyone else by asking the seventy-two-year-old George Athanassiades Novas, a member of Papandreou's own party, to form a new government that same night. Papandreou then utilized the plebiscite of the streets, with the resultant "student" demonstrations and riots and an immediate revival of long-standing side issues such as monarchy versus republicanism. In this confrontation, the twenty-five-year-old king stands at a disadvantage since Greeks traditionally revere advanced seniority in their leaders.

The Communist-controlled General Confederation of Labor called a general strike for the end of July. In response, thirteen trade unions declared that they would not take part in it; the government threatened to declare martial law and ordered workers in public utilities to remain at work or face prosecution. Though the strike was carried out, it had little effect.

If, as expected, Premier Athanassiades Novas does not survive the approaching parliamentary vote of confidence, he is likely to be replaced by a former deputy premier, Stephan Stephanopoulos, who, it is hoped, will be able to put together a viable government with the conservatives and dissident elements of Papandreou's Center Union. Papandreou, for his part, is out to force a national election. If he should succeed in doing so, it is generally conceded that he would win hands down. But it is virtually certain that the king will not accept him as premier under any circumstances. To accept Papandreou's return to power would be to risk disaster in the resumption of the old man's rush to the Left. Not to do so, ironically, is to face an indefinite extension of the present atmosphere of near-anarchy fostered by Papandreou, in which organized Communism also thrives.



A Chance for a Change In the Garden State

JOHN J. FARMER

Every four years, just after the Presidential warmup, New Jersey elects its governor, usually with just enough uncertainty about the outcome to preserve its standing as a swing state. Virginia, where uncertainty is limited to the identity of Senator Harry Byrd's candidate, conducts the only other gubernatorial election, and so the New Jersey contest always manages to draw some national attention. Washington columnists, passing through Newark on their way to the New York City mayoralty election or some other Broadway show, invariably spot portents and trends of national significance in the New Jersey battle; at any rate, they are worth a column. National political luminaries in search of a forum customarily turn out in behalf of the gubernatorial candidates; and occasionally, as in 1961, the President will make a brief detour into the state.

Blight in the Garden

This is another one of those years. But national trends, columnists, and luminaries notwithstanding, the New Jersey outcome will once again be decided on home-grown issues. What gives the election special meaning this year is that the state at last has a choice between candidates whose records indicate that they propose to do something about its multiplying problems.

The Garden State is not only the most urbanized in the nation but the most misnamed. Its harvest in recent years has included a spreading crop of urban decay, air and water pollution, school and college expansion problems, and the transportation tangle. But the cost of the cure—enactment of a state sales or income tax—has so far been deemed too great a political risk.

This year there is at least a chance for a change. Democratic Governor Richard J. Hughes has called for an income tax and would accept a sales tax; his Republican opponent, State Senator Wayne Dumont, Jr., wants a sales tax but would settle for an income tax.

Ideally, their campaign should provide the crucible in which to shape solutions and enlist public and legislative support for the needed tax program. So far it has not. For the shadow of a defeated candidate for the Republican nomination, Senate President Charles W. Sandman, Jr., casts a pall over both candidates. Running against opposition from a majority of the regular Republican county organizations, Sandman came within fourteen thousand votes of defeating Dumont in the primary on June 1. He did so entirely on the strength of a no-tax pledge, thus championing the stand of a diminishing but dedicated group that believes the state's needs have been overdramatized.

The facts refute this view. Two

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years ago the State Tax Policy Commission, an official bipartisan advisory agency, found New Jersey short-changing its citizens on local school aid, colleges, road aid, and local welfare costs; it recommended a $150-million-a-year state sales tax to remedy the condition. Among other things, the commission pointed to the "grossly inadequate" school-aid formula, which has not been changed since 1954, although the state's population during the last fifteen years has risen by about thirty-seven per cent, from 4.8 million to more than 6.6 million.

THE legislature has steadfastly resisted the commission's recommendations. Bond issues were passed last year to finance new colleges and state mental and penal institutions, but on a scale far short of what Hughes had asked for. Every other need cited by the tax group has been ignored. In a weak moment last winter, a majority of the state assembly co-sponsored a bill to increase the state school-aid formula. Apparently appalled at their rashness, the same legislators refused to push the tax bill to pay for the increase. The episode exposed the fact that the legislators, even when convinced of the need for greater state effort, are paralyzed by the tax issue.

But the state's troubles are not limited to those singled out by the Tax Policy Commission. Health and transportation problems are rapidly coming to a head. Hughes, at the urging of a concerned state health department, asked the legislature for $5 million for the acceleration of regional sewer construction to reduce the growing pollution threat to the state's drought-deprived streams and the surrounding waters it shares with other states. The legislature trimmed the request to $1 million. The health department had considered even $5 million inadequate; it had originally sought $15 million.

The rail crisis is even more urgent. Two of the state's major commuter carriers, the Erie-Lackawanna and the Jersey Central railroads, are threatening to end commuter service unless the state raises its annual subsidy substantially. State Highway Commissioner Dwight R. G. Palmer believes the solution lies in a $50-million re-equipment program for all of New Jersey's commuter lines, financed equally by the state and Federal governments. But with its present revenue limitations, New Jersey cannot produce its share. Instead, Hughes plans a small increase in the state railroad subsidy until some long-range solution is worked out. Palmer has called this the "half-sole-and-heel" approach, which could characterize New Jersey's attitude to many of its recent problems.

False Pride

The catalogue of New Jersey's needs is long. Why, then, have the state's two major parties refused to provide the revenue? Their rigidity on the tax question probably dates back to 1935, when the late Governor Harold Hoffman signed a general sales tax into law. Six months later he was forced by public outcry to sign a repealer. Since that time, Hughes is the first governor who has dared to propose another broad-base tax, although several have hinted that the need was apparent. Most of the state's newspapers have traditionally led the "no-new-tax" outcry, usually while deploring the high property tax or the school, pollution, and transportation problems.

Since the 1940's, New Jersey has ranked among the top seven states in per capita income, and its prosperity has helped mask its revenue shortcomings. This prosperity has provided the natural revenue growth which, with small excise-tax increases, has permitted New Jersey to finance its established programs and some expansions without a big new tax. The schools, despite the state's relatively small contribution, are well financed. Largely because of the enormous local tax contribution, the state ranks fourth in the nation in the amount spent per pupil at the elementary and secondary level. This comforting statistic obscures the widening gap between what the wealthier suburban communities can spend on education and what the declining cities can provide. But neither this disparity nor the fact that New Jersey is forty-eighth nationally in the amount it contributes per capita to its colleges has yet created great consternation.

As state after state joined the sales- or income-tax ranks, the pressure increased on legislators and gubernatorial candidates to keep the tax dike plugged. A kind of competition set in between the two parties to see which was more fervently opposed to a new tax. Even today, it is a boast of both parties that only New Hampshire has stood firm with New Jersey in staving off both a sales and an income tax.

But the boast is misleading. In the absence of state aid, local property taxes have in recent years hovered near the highest in the nation. The problem was neatly summed up in the tax-policy commission's recent sales-tax proposal:

"New Jersey has long been proud of the taxes it does not have; but the price it has paid is a growing burden of property taxes for the support of local government. . . . The commission finds that the local property tax burden is unduly heavy, having reached the point at which in many municipalities it cannot be increased, despite the need for certain services not now provided, and that it is a detriment to business and unfair to homeowners."

But that is not the worst of it. Figures compiled recently by the *Congressional Quarterly* put New Jersey last of all the states in per capita aid received from the Federal government. In part, this is the price of Federalism—by which the richer states, such as New Jersey, extend help to poorer states. But it is also partly the result of the state's inability to put up its share of matching Federal grants.

IT IS only recently that the attitude toward a big new tax has begun to soften; the Tax Policy Commission's report, though ignored by the legislature, started a helpful dialogue. Municipal officials, fearful of raising local tax rates, now talk of help from the state through a broad-base tax. Manufacturers, under the same property-tax pressure, appear ready to accept a sales tax. And teachers, an increasingly formidable lobby as the school population grows, have kept up a drumfire of pro-tax publicity.

It was Wayne Dumont, an intense, humorless man with a fierce desire to be governor, who broke the no-new-tax barrier. As a small-town lawyer lacking big-county political support, Dumont needed an issue that would

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project him beyond the borders of his own Warren County. He found it in the sales tax.

In 1959, he was chiefly responsible for persuading the state Republican organization to abandon its venerable no-new-tax stand. Not that it endorsed a sales or income tax; it merely agreed not to bar the door against one. Dumont became at once the champion of most statewide interests seeking the tax. Hughes, running for a first term in 1961, persuaded the Democrats to drop their no-tax plank; two years later, having grappled with the realities of the state's needs, he came out for a state income tax. Now the Republicans have caught up by nominating a tax champion of their own. This is in keeping with the tradition in New Jersey that the parties seek accommodation rather than a clash on taxes—which are always the ultimate issue.

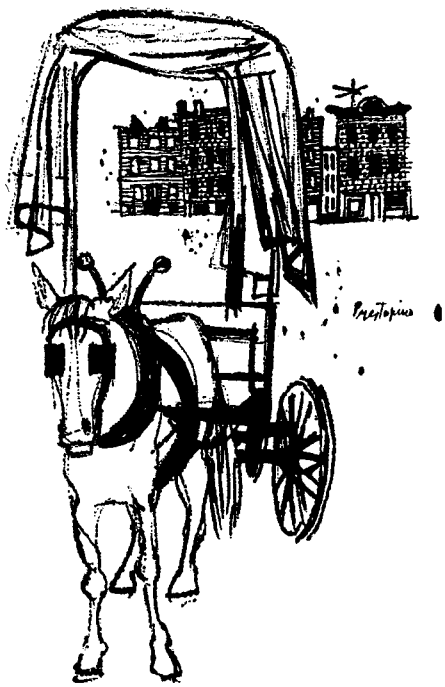
For the truth is that neither party is sure whether there are more votes for or against a broad-base tax. So they both stand in the safe middle ground, each with a gubernatorial candidate committed to a new tax and legislative candidates and a party platform committed only to equivocation.

The Urban Complex

In its early stages, the Hughes-Dumont campaign has been desultory and mostly irrelevant. Neither candidate put up any fight for a specific tax plank in his party's platform, and both have ignored the tax issue since then. The campaign, like a chess game played by mail, has lacked a real sense of combat. Both men are sincere in their belief that the state's revenue needs cannot be long ignored except at great cost to the future. But there is clearly no confidence in either camp that the public can be made to understand the tax need, or that their own tax positions can be properly seen and appreciated through the smoke and fire of a campaign.

The initiative must come from Dumont, the challenger. But there is much of the rural conservative in Dumont's approach to many issues. This, rather than his past initiative on taxes, may prove the true clue to his character. He seems now to have lost his passion to be his party's leader on the tax issue, at least until the campaign is over. The close call with Sandman undoubtedly caused him to recoil from his earlier bold position on taxes, but he is also inhibited by the legislative elections this fall and by the need within his own party not to give his powerful personal enemies any reason to walk out. Also, the New Jersey Republicans are faced with the perennial problem of neutralizing the party's conservatives, who want to repeal most of the taxes the state now levies.

Hughes, the odds-on favorite with a wide edge in campaign money and manpower, has every reason not to



want the election decided on an issue as volatile as taxes; and lest he forget, the big-city Democratic leaders are there to remind him.

It is one of the contradictions of New Jersey politics that the big urban counties, which stand to benefit most from more school aid, more state colleges, and improved health and transportation facilities, are the chief centers of opposition to the tax that would buy these things. Sandman scored heavily in such large urban counties at Essex, Hudson, Passaic, and Camden.

Democratic leaders in these counties are known to feel that their constituents, many of whom are rentpayers who never see a city tax bill, would be outraged at paying a state sales or income tax. The long-term gains are all very well, but these leaders are in a short-term business. Their franchises must be renewed annually at the polls. They form a powerful leadership element in the Democratic Party and have great influence upon Hughes. Dumont is influenced by the same thinking; to win in November he must hold down the Democratic vote in these areas.

A Mandate at Last?

For the first time in this century, the entire reapportioned legislature will be on the ballot with the gubernatorial candidates. This has added to the pressure on Hughes and Dumont to suppress tax talk, or limit it to generalities about somehow "meeting the needs." But it also offers the winner an uncommon opportunity to carry into office a legislature of his own party. It has been twelve years since the state had a governor and legislature of the same party; the period has been one of continual jockeying for political advantage, with the Republican-run legislatures invariably lagging behind Democratic governors in their response to state problems.

But the fact is that no matter who wins, the election will bring the state several giant strides closer to a long-overdue sales or income tax. The winner in either case will be the first New Jersey governor elected while pledged to a broad-base tax; to that extent he can claim a mandate, and doubtless will. The vigor of his claim undoubtedly will have little to do with how reluctantly he championed his tax program in the campaign.

In retrospect, a victory for Sandman in the Republican primary would have brought the tax issue into sharper focus this fall, inasmuch as he would have forced Hughes to stump the state in defense of his tax program. A victory for Hughes under those circumstances probably would have persuaded even the legislature to get on with the tax. But the same circumstances might have produced a Sandman victory and postponed indefinitely the day of a broad-base tax. In that sense, Dumont's primary victory was the most significant New Jersey election result in many years.

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ADVICE TO YOUNG ACADEMIC PROPAGANDISTS

DEAN ACHESON

Recently both faculties and students on our campuses have been turning from education to demonstration, and it is startling to discover their joint and several ignorance of the art of propaganda. The Washington teach-in disclosed illiterates in the simplest forms of dialectics. While the report that it was dominated by 181 professors of psychology and seventy-eight political scientists suggests an explanation for a ridiculous bumble, it fails to bring reassurance that value has been received for the billions spent on higher education in America. We still shudder in disbelief that, while academic practitioners of protest still bore their blushing honors thick upon them, a killing frost in the form of a sub-zero ignorance of the rudiments of argument nipped their roots.

The lack can, and should, be supplied—not to save the cause of propaganda, which is here already *in extremis,* but for the honor of Academe. Propaganda has been said to be "that branch of the art of lying which consists in very nearly deceiving your friends without quite deceiving your enemies." To achieve that little more (and how much it is!) is probably precluded by definition. But the poor teachers-in hardly deceived themselves—an essential prerequisite to politics. Fortunately, a handbook is at hand.*

Mr. Cornford's booklet will help by doing half the job. The other half necessitates transfer of teach-in direction from psychologists and political and physical scientists to the more sophisticated disciplines, able when called upon to rise above principle, of philosophy, history, and law, with an assist now and then from the more theoretical divines. Once this is done, Cornford can be understood and applied.

His booklet first appeared nearly sixty years ago and has been twice republished. Written with direct reference to the academic politics that enlivens and elevates life in all universities, its teaching is readily adaptable when the academic politician turns from the field in which he has been trained and his knowledge certified by a degree to one in which, without training or experience, the validity of his opinion, if not his knowledge, is presumed by the Declaration of Independence and sanctified by the First Amendment to the Constitution. Especially in foreign affairs, it is established doctrine that all opinions are created free and equal. Cornford is especially helpful in devising argument to support the academic theory of foreign affairs.

The principles of academic dialectic, he says, flow directly from the principal academic political motive. This is fear. On the campus, he notes, "people say I'm *afraid* I don't . . .' when they mean, 'I *think* I don't . . .' " And, of course, the offspring by policy out of fear is inaction. How could it be otherwise? ". . . all important questions are so complicated, and the results of any course of action are so difficult to foresee, that certainty, or even probability, is seldom, if ever, attainable. It follows at once that the only justifiable attitude of mind is suspense of judgment; and this attitude, besides being peculiarly congenial to the academic temperament, has the advantage of being comparatively easy to attain. . . . At this point the arguments for doing nothing come in; for it is a mere theorist's paradox that doing nothing has just as many consequences as doing something. It is obvious that inaction can have no consequences at all."

The arguments for inaction—the entering wedge, the dangerous precedent, the unripe time, and the *ad hominem*—which the ingenuity of man has polished "since the stone-axe fell into disuse at the close of the neolithic age," are, of course, well known to lawyers but less so to scientists, physical, sociological, and psychological. Had they only read this handbook, they would have been able to preserve their union cards as intellectuals. For example, some might have attacked our policy in Vietnam as the Entering Wedge. ("The *Principle of the Wedge* is that you should not act justly now for fear of raising expectations that you may act still more justly in the future—expectations which you are afraid you will not have the courage to satisfy.")

Others could have attacked intervention in Santo Domingo as a Dangerous Precedent. (This principle is "that you should not now do an admittedly right action for fear you, or your equally timid successors, should not have the courage to do right in some future case, which ex *hypothesi,* is essentially different, but superficially resembles the present one. Every public action which is not customary either is wrong, or, if it is right, is a dangerous precedent. It follows that nothing should ever be done for the first time.")

Or both policies might have been attacked on the ground that "the *Time* is not Ripe," because, for instance, we must first pursue a détente with the Russians. ("The *Principle of Unripe Time* is that people should not do at the present moment what they think right at that moment, because the moment at which they think it right has not yet arrived. . . . Time, by the way, is like the medlar; it has a trick of going rotten before it is ripe.")

But do not let us be too hard on these professors. They deserve kindness for the foundation they have laid for an argument against them, also put forward by Cornford. He states it thus: " 'I was in favour of the proposal until I heard Mr. _____'s argument in support of it.' "

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* *Microcosmographia Academica—Being a Guide for the Young Academic Politician,* by F. M. Cornford. Halycon Booklets III. Printed in Great Britain at the University Printing House, Cambridge, for the Halycon-Commonwealth Foundation, 1 Beekman Place, New York.

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Integrating the Negro Teacher Out of a Job

BARBARA CARTER

HOUSTON HAMPTON BOOZER, principal of the only Negro school in the little town of Munday, Texas, has long been in favor of school integration. "We've seen it coming for the last five years," he told me, "and we've tried to prepare the children for it. We've told them their school was not up to par, and how much better integration would be for them. And we've taken every chance we could find, things like scrimmage football and track meets with students from white schools, to get them used to an integrated situation." Now the great day has come: when the three formerly all-white schools open this fall, the Negro children from the Dunbar School will be enrolled in them. The Dunbar School is no more—and all but one of its seven teachers have lost their jobs.

What has happened in Munday has had a number of interesting side effects that could well become patterns as desegregation, speeded up by Federal pressure, gains momentum in the South. Foremost, of course, is the increasing number of Negro teachers who have been put out of work as a result of the desegregation they themselves have advocated. When the year began, only a third of the South's school districts had been desegregated. In the southwestern state of Oklahoma alone nearly four hundred Negro teachers have been displaced in the decade since the Supreme Court decision.

The problem is only now beginning to be recognized. There are no over-all statistics on the number of Negro teachers who have already lost their jobs because of desegregation, but Samuel Ethridge, a field director of the National Education Association (NEA), the largest professional association of teachers, estimates that the jobs of as many as 5,500 Negro teachers in the eleven Southern states may be endangered over the next several years. At present, from the scattered reports collected by the NEA and the NAACP, Ethridge can "document" only 250 or so cases of Negro teachers who definitely lost their jobs in the spring because of desegregation, but a far larger number, he explained, are currently in a kind of limbo, their contracts neither officially terminated nor renewed. Much depends on how many Southern Negro students, given the choice of attending white schools, will do so—for in the larger cities, unlike Munday, desegregation means only that a certain number of Negro pupils will be allowed to transfer to white schools; the Negro schools will remain intact. In larger Southern cities, then, many Negro teachers will be able to keep their jobs for the time being; and a few may even be allowed to teach in predominantly white schools.

It was in February that Hampton Boozer first learned officially from the superintendent of schools in Munday that the Dunbar School, with its small enrollment of 137 in twelve grades, would be completely shut down at the end of the semester. His wife, Vernice, who was head of the school's English department, felt confident that something would be worked out. Their own position, at least, appeared strong. After all, both were fully certified teachers, both had nineteen years' teaching experience, both had a B.S. degree in education, and both had earned a number of hours toward a master's degree. But Boozer was not so confident about the future as his wife was.

February was also the time when, according to custom, the school principals of Munday were notified if their contracts would be continued. The three white principals were so notified; the principal of the Dunbar School heard nothing, nor was he even considered along with the rest. Boozer, qualified as a math teacher and athletic coach as well as a principal, asked the superintendent if he and his wife could apply for teaching jobs in the other Munday schools. The superintendent said he would do all he could to help.

In early March, again according to custom, the Munday teachers learned whether their contracts would be continued. At least the white teachers were notified; the seven Negro teachers at Dunbar heard nothing. "All of my teachers have B.A.s or B.S.s," Boozer told me. "All of them have professional teaching certificates."

A Matter of Degree

When Negro schools are closed, Sam Ethridge observed, it often happens that their teachers are not considered part of the available supply, nor are their qualifications compared to the rest in the school system. This is in contrast to the normal school-consolidation procedures around the country, where a great deal is done to help the displaced teachers find new assignments in the school system. Ethridge, a Negro, is against any suggestion that Negro teachers be given preferential treatment. He thinks it only fair, however, to have them considered part of the available supply, to have their credentials justly compared with those of others in the system, particularly with those who hold only emergency or temporary certificates. "I'd just like to see them follow the rules," he said.

Many Southern school superintendents automatically assume that Negro teachers are generally inferior

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to the white. In a recent survey by the Houston *Post*, only one superintendent could be found who did not make the easy generalizations about Negro teachers. Certainly, it is true that many Negro teachers are not well qualified, if only because of their segregated background and inferior education. Yet others are equally, if not better, qualified than a good number of white teachers. For one thing, Negro teachers have found it worthwhile to compete with whites for credits, since that entitles them to equal pay. Moreover, teaching is one of the few professions an educated Negro in the South can aspire to, with the result that many Southern communities have no shortage of Negro teachers. Thus people like Mrs. Boozer "would not dare," as she put it, apply for a teaching job in Texas without a degree.

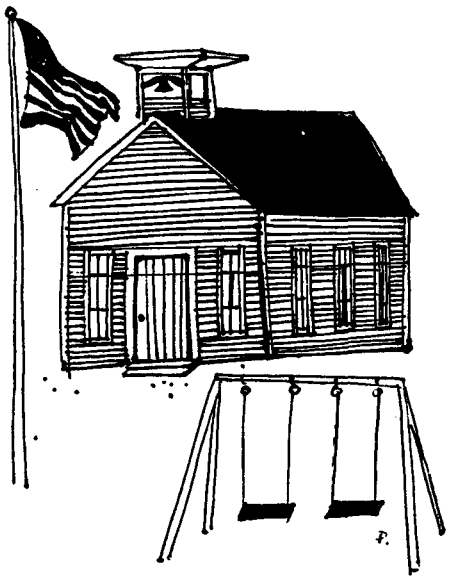
The matter of degrees is tricky. Both the Boozers, for example, earned their B.S.s from Butler College, a Negro school in Tyler, Texas. Butler, however, along with two other Negro teachers' colleges, was warned by the Texas Commissioner of Education that if it doesn't come up to standard by 1967, its accreditation will be withdrawn. Yet it is precisely the inferior education offered by the segregated institutions in the South that has prompted many Negro teachers to seek their degrees in the North and to receive what may well be better preparation than the Southern whites who stayed home. Both the Boozers felt it necessary to go on to the University of Denver for their graduate work.

When Vernice Boozer learned that the contracts for the Negro teachers in Munday had not been renewed, she was still confident that something could be worked out. "It's hard to understand," Boozer said later. "The whites have been so good to the Negro children. They've even gone out and found jobs for the children who needed them most, and by and large helped them to do better. But when it comes to the Negro adults. . . ." Boozer stopped speaking, and made a sharp cut downward with his hand in a gesture of complete denial. "Mrs. Boozer had *too* much confidence in them," he said reflectively. "She felt surely the school system would integrate some of the faculty. With her qualifications and with the respect the superintendent had shown for her work down through the years, she didn't see how there could be any reason she wouldn't be considered. Now, of course, she's shocked."

Pattern Making

Before the semester was over, there was one last painful flurry of excitement at the Dunbar School—rumors that the school might not be abandoned and that its students would be given the option of remaining at Dunbar. The Negro teachers thought that some of their jobs might be saved—although the price, of course, would be continued segregation for the students who remained. Then the superintendent quickly confirmed that the closing was definite.

A week before school let out, the Boozers heard that one of the Dunbar teachers—a Mrs. Gipson, who



had taught for seventeen years—had been offered a contract with the Munday schools. What she would teach in the white school was not specified—it was a "no assignment" contract. Here is where events in Munday touch on another pattern in the making. For Mrs. Gipson was advised to take library science during the summer, and it is assumed that she is being groomed for a library job, or what is called a "short contact" job, having limited association with pupils. Other Negro teachers are reported to be taking assignments in newly integrated schools as guidance counselors to Negro children only. And still others are accepting positions as "teachers' helpers." Such downgrading is frequently excused on the basis of the reaction anticipated from white parents if a Negro teacher were in charge of a white class. Yet the Houston *Post* has reported that there was no such reaction when Negro teachers were given predominantly white classes in several larger Texas cities.

When Boozer learned of Mrs. Gipson's appointment, he met with the superintendent. He was told that Mrs. Boozer had not gotten the contract only because there was no place to fit him in as well, and yet he knew that a math teacher and coach had resigned from one of Munday's white schools, leaving a vacancy he felt he could fill. He told the superintendent he was going to fight. In reply, the superintendent confided that a school in Earth, Texas, might have an opening for Mrs. Boozer. He wanted to know, before sending on his recommendation, how much "static" Boozer planned to cause.

This incident reveals a good deal about the powerful leverage available to a superintendent. It also accounts in good measure for the otherwise puzzling apathy of many Negro teachers who, like Mrs. Boozer, have sent "applications galore" for teaching jobs and yet, upon getting no response, do nothing more than wait. Many Negro teachers won't even admit that they have been let go—they are afraid they will be considered troublemakers and denied the necessary recommendation.

Sometimes a superintendent's pressure is designed to forestall trouble. Henry Williams, principal of a Negro school in Palestine, Texas, and a member of the NEA's Commission on Professional Rights and Responsibilities, recently saw a letter from one Texas superintendent to a Negro teacher. First it informed him that his contract was not going to be renewed and then asked him, if he wanted a favorable recommendation, to send in his resignation. Thus, the real number of Negro teachers who lose their jobs because of desegregation may never be known, and rumor is free to add to the tensions of the waiting game. The NEA has been able to confirm that 180 Negro teachers have been let go in Texas this year, but Mrs. Boozer has

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heard rumors putting the figure as high as 1,100.

A few days after his conference with Boozer, the superintendent dropped by the Dunbar School to say he had sent on the recommendation for Mrs. Boozer. The Boozers, however, were not particularly hopeful, for Earth, Texas, was seeking to fill a vacancy in a white school; they were not surprised that they have heard nothing more about it. Shortly after school let out, Boozer went to the NAACP's offices in Dallas. He has decided to bring suit against the Munday school system, charging discrimination.

THERE ARE precedents at hand. Two suits involving Negro teachers' rights, one in Florida in 1963, another in Tennessee in 1964, have already been won on the grounds that the Supreme Court school desegregation decision of 1954 applies to teachers as well as students. Still another was won in Virginia this June, when the court found that the arbitrary action of a school board in dismissing seven Negro teachers deprived them of their rights under the Fourteenth Amendment. The number of such suits is sharply increasing now, with the Justice Department intervening in some cases.

The Civil Rights Act of 1964 does not provide specific protection for Negro teachers' rights. Commissioner of Education Francis Keppel, however, has said that "it should be unmistakably clear" that his office's guidelines "do provide for review of policies or patterns with regard to teaching staffs which have a discriminatory impact on students." Keppel has adroitly shifted the emphasis from teachers' rights to students' rights to desegregated teaching. "If the Commission has the right to withhold funds, then the major part of the battle is over," the NEA reported in June. "If not, we may have a long hard struggle ahead."

At its June convention, the NEA voted to raise a million dollars to aid the displaced Southern Negro teachers. It is co-operating informally with the NAACP in compiling lists of districts where wholesale dismissals have taken place. Yet "dismissal based on race" may become increasingly hard to prove as the deep South, becoming more practiced, refines the tactics of token appointments and "short contact" jobs. Even objective attempts to compare teachers' qualifications are difficult, and they could prove to be the thorniest thicket yet encountered on the road to integration.

The new militancy on the part of the NEA is somewhat compromised by the fact that in four Southern states its affiliates still are associations "for whites only," although they are required to desegregate by July, 1966. In the other Southern states, the white teachers' associations have removed the barriers to Negro membership, but the Negroes have not rushed to join. They have, after all, their own teacher associations, affiliated with the NEA, through which they gain the national recognition they have been unable to obtain in their own states. They do not want to be members in name only, and they know the Southern white affiliates are not committed to their cause.

The NEA and the NAACP, however, are not the only ones who intend to help. One prominent teacher "still on leave of absence from Houston public schools," as President Lyndon Johnson describes himself, has promised special re-employment services

and Manpower Development and Training Act funds to help displaced Negro teachers. He has asked Congress to provide them fellowships, and perhaps of more significance, he has publicly directed his Commissioner of Education to "pay very special attention, in reviewing the desegregation plans, to guard against any pattern of teachers' dismissal based on race. . . ."

Meanwhile, retraining is as difficult for older Negro teachers from the South as relocation, and many have to face both. The New York State Commissioner of Education, for instance, has warmly urged the displaced Southern Negro teachers to come to his state, but the invitation is circumscribed somewhat in that New York's chief need is for physics and chemistry teachers and the fact that New York's certification standards are among the highest of all the states.

Indicative Endings

Early in June, the Boozers packed their 1957 Mercury and drove to Washington, D.C., in search of teaching jobs. "We knew by then we could only find a job outside the state," Boozer said. "We've spent over $2,000 since January looking for work." By the middle of July, both Boozers had finally found jobs in Prince Georges County, Maryland, teaching educable mentally retarded children. They must leave the three of their five children who are in college fifteen hundred miles behind in Texas, but both will be earning more money than before, Mrs. Boozer more than half again as much.

This happy solution, however, has not been achieved by the remaining teachers of the now abandoned Dunbar School, and their situation is more typical. It is perhaps indicative that two of them who had said that they would join the Boozers in their suit have now withdrawn. At last report, it was still only Mrs. Gipson who had found a job. "They're not doing anything to help themselves" Boozer said sadly.

For the rest of the summer, with the help of an expected loan from the NEA, the Boozers will take a few education courses at Prairie View A&M, a Negro college forty-five miles outside of Houston. Their daughter is attending school there now and will graduate this month—as a teacher. With no hope of teaching in Texas public schools, she is looking for work at the college itself. "It's a funny thing," Boozer said when asked what the Prairie View faculty was advising its students who major in education. "I've questioned Erma Jean a lot about this, but she says her professors simply won't talk about the situation. It's not discussed at all."

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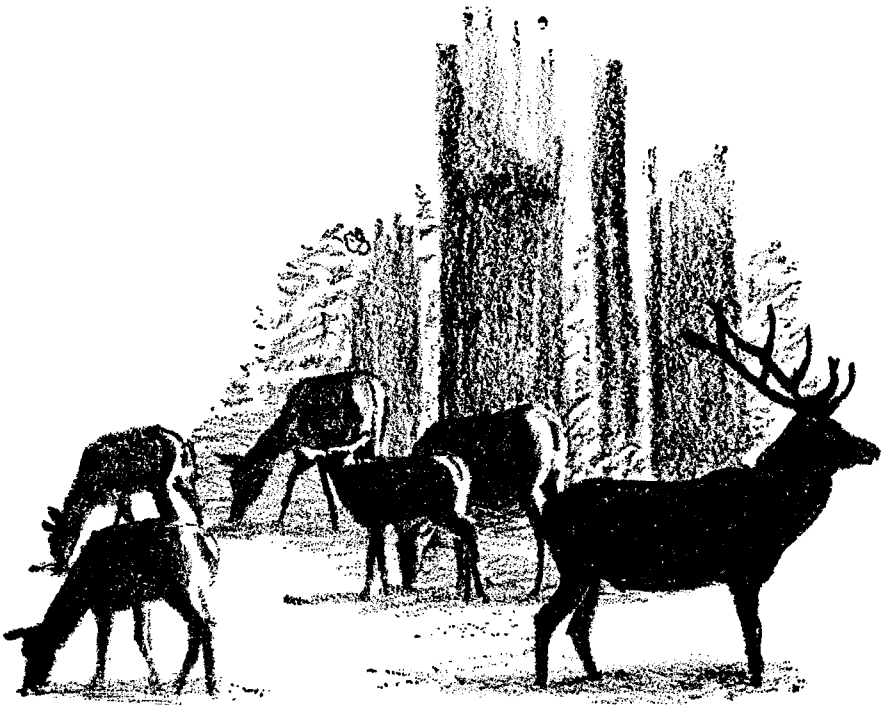

Four-Lane Menace To California's Redwoods

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.

THERE IS still an excitement in the word "highway," as there was thousands of years ago for the writer of Isaiah—a feeling of human triumph over the mountains and hills, the deserts and valleys, the crooked and the rough. Perhaps it is this feeling of human triumph over the space in which we dwell that makes us believe, even in this age of polar air routes and outer-space exploration, that highways are a perfect achievement of their creator.

Perhaps most of us, on a long, hot summer trip with squabbling children and an unhappy dog in the back of the station wagon, are delighted to come upon a sign at a block in the road such as: "A NEW FREEWAY FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE. YOUR HIGHWAY TAXES AT WORK. FEDERAL FUNDS 56 PER CENT, STATE FUNDS 44 PER CENT. MILES 8. COST $4,300,000."

Most of us, eager to get to the next motel and cool off in the shower, are in no mood to reflect that the highways being built to speed us on our way are often destroying the very places we may have traveled thousands of miles to visit. Nor are most of us aware that they "may wipe out the equivalent of a fifty-acre park with every mile," as President Johnson said in his recent message on natural beauty. "Our present highway law permits the use of up to three per cent of all Federal-aid funds to be used without matching for the preservation of natural beauty. This authority has not been used for the purpose intended by Congress," the President went on to say. "I will take steps, including recommended legislation . . . , to make sure these funds are, in fact, used to enhance beauty along our highway system. This will dedicate substantial resources to this purpose."

What President Johnson failed to mention in his proposals for highway beautification was that Federal funds now provide up to ninety per cent of the financing of highways that are routed at the discretion and for the convenience of local interests. Local chambers of commerce and other private pressure groups may decide that Federally financed highways should go through public parks, and there is nothing the government can do to prevent it. In other words, the Federal government will pay as much as ninety per cent of the cost of cutting a two-hundred-foot slash along a steep mountainside of virgin redwood timber in a state park, and then contribute three per cent of its original contribution toward the planting of shrubs to cover the denuded mountain.

However, the President was not unaware of this discrepancy in our approach to the building of highways. He pointed out that "Our task is . . . first, to ensure that roads themselves are not destructive of nature and natural beauty." What an enormous task this "ensuring" will be, without prompt legislation to protect parks about to be invaded by Federal funds, can be illustrated by literally hundreds of examples across the continent.

ONE CURRENT THREAT to what the President described as "a heritage . . . [which] the storm of modern change is threatening to blight and diminish in a few decades" is a proposed freeway through Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park in northern California. Within this park exists the second largest publicly owned stand of virgin *Sequoia sempervirens*, covering an area of some ten thousand acres, roughly eight miles long and four miles wide. For its entire length, the park fronts on primitive ocean beach. Before the settling of the California coast, the redwood forest bordered the sea for more than four hundred miles. Thus, in 1775, when the Spaniards discovered a bay twenty miles south of Prairie Creek, the commander of the expedition, Don Bruno de Hezeta, wrote in his diary, "All of the coasts, mountains, and fields I examined during my stay at

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the Port of Trinidad are covered with a luxuriant growth. Thick, tall, straight pines of the best quality for curved decking and for masts . . . extend inland from the shore itself, leaving little room for cultivation."

Today there remains to us, out of that original four-hundred-mile coastline, one eight-mile stretch of forest where one can hear, from within the forest depths, the sound of the surf "caught by the lofty [tree] tops" and where one can emerge into the open meadows above an unaltered strip of beach. That stretch is the western border of Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park.

But the primitive beach is not the park's only claim to uniqueness. This park is one of the few protected redwood areas that contain their own watershed. After the disastrous floods of December, 1964, which caused an estimated billion dollars' worth of damage to public and private property in the Pacific Northwest, the value of a protected watershed is obvious. In a normal year, the precipitation in typical redwood terrain can amount to a hundred inches, most of it falling in four or five winter months. And in certain months, double the "normal" rainfall will occur several times over a span of fifty years. In the "clearcut" logged areas around Prairie Creek Park, sheets of water flowed down the bare forty-degree mountainsides in the 1964 flood, submerging towns under as much as ten feet of water, while the park itself came through the floods with comparatively minor damage. Yet in other parks, such as the most famous of all redwood preserves—Rockefeller Forest in Humboldt Redwoods State Park—damage was heavy, because the watershed was outside the protected limits of the park, had been logged over, and offered no natural resistance to the sudden downpour. A redwood park with a self-contained watershed would seem to be a valuable part of the heritage that the President wishes to save.

A Natural Commonwealth

There are still other ways, according to botanists and ecologists, in which Prairie Creek Park is unique. The park has perhaps the most remarkable "understory" of any virgin redwood area now under public protection. Here the lush undergrowth that sustains the giant trees is marvelously thick and varied. If the undergrowth did not exist, the trees themselves could not exist, for they have literally created their own climate, and thus have survived millions of years of drastic climatic changes in the region. (The earliest redwood fossils date to the Upper Jurassic period, the era of the largest dinosaurs, 130 million years ago.) This

damp, primeval understory, shaded from the hot California sun by overlapping branches hundreds of feet above, preserves the moisture from winter downpours, and absorbs the summer fog that results from the meeting of the cold ocean air with the heated air from the dry inland valleys. One does not need to be a professional botanist or ecologist to apprehend the splendor of this forest bordering the ocean. Anyone walking in Prairie Creek Park will sense, in the rampant undergrowth, the perfect commitment of living organisms to each other. Trees that fell perhaps hundreds of years ago loom like walls that stretch unbroken through the forest for more than two hundred feet. An almost incredible variety of mosses, ferns, and flowers crowd against each other on these fallen trunks, covering them with a soft rich shroud. In the dim wetness, where no ray of the sun has penetrated for centuries, each tiny crystal of dew gleaming from the heart of an oxalis bloom, a moss rosette, or a fern blade seems utterly necessary, and therefore completely beautiful.

Among the park's unique attributes is one of the two protected herds of Roosevelt elk, a species that once roamed in great numbers from British Columbia to the San Francisco Bay, and, like the bison of the Great Plains, constituted a principal food source for the Indians. Meadows, forests, and ocean dunes are all part of the elks' natural habitat. On the beach they drink from creeks spreading through alder thickets at the feet of red-gold cliffs 250 feet high, and they graze and nap in protected sand hollows close to the violent Pacific surf.

I have sat and watched them for long afternoons while the turkey buzzards launched themselves from the bluffs behind me, sea lions hunted the surf fifty yards away and pelicans, oddly prehistoric in the stark angles of their wings and beaks, skimmed the breakers or plummeted into the foaming water with tightly retracted wings, suddenly no longer like pterodactyls but modern as rockets, at home in any age—like the redwoods. The beach where I sat was scarcely wider than the length of a football field, but it contains a commonwealth of many populations. It is not easy to see how there could be room for them all if U.S. Highway 101 were to be "relocated" below the bluffs.

Whose Convenience?

This freeway, built according to Federal specifications and more than fifty per cent financed by Federal funds, would be a four-lane divided highway, with frontage roads on either side of it and several circling interchanges. I think that almost anybody sitting on that beach, watching the elk, the pelicans, the gulls, the sea lions, would wonder why it was necessary to build a freeway for

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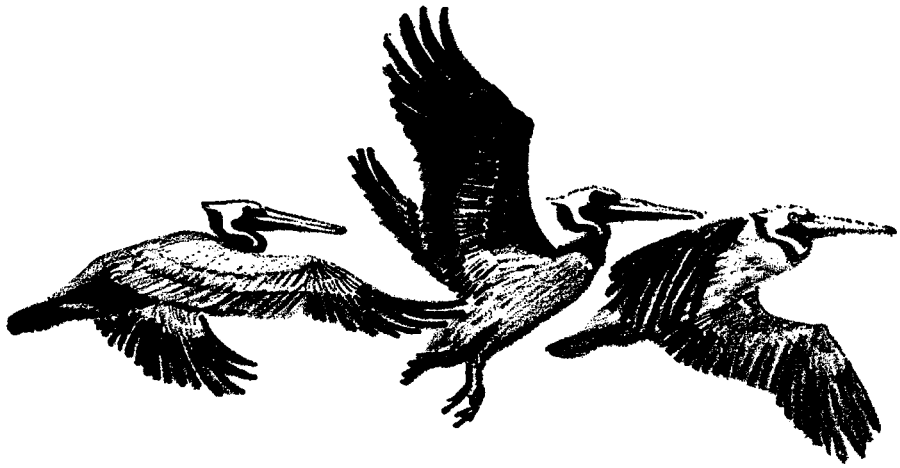
his convenience through that particular piece of state park land. Yet the California Highway Commission, on the recommendations of county authorities and the district engineer, is expected to decree that the new U.S. 101 superhighway will be built over the last mile of beach where the most ancient of forests in the world touches the sea.

To find out why the state feels that the highway must be built along the beach, I first interviewed Sam Helwer, the district engineer for the California Division of Highways. He explained that a route around the park would cost $6 million more than the route along the beach, and that it would be 2.1 miles longer. Also, and of paramount importance to the loggers and truckers who would use the highway, "The user cost over a twenty-year period would be nearly $10 million higher for the route around the park." Finally, he said, the beach route would be "safer."

Since either route would be built to "Federal freeway specifications," I asked, why would one be safer than the other? There would be occasional ice at the higher altitudes of the alternative route around the park, he said. But fog, I pointed out, is often more dangerous than snow or ice, and I knew, after living near Prairie Creek Park for three years, that for every day there might be ice on the alternative route, there would probably be ten days of heavy fog on the beach route. In fact, on the autumn day I talked with Helwer the sun was bright and the air was warm at the altitude of the alternative route, but I had driven to the interview through thick fog on the stretch of U.S. 101 that has already been built along the beaches of a park only a few miles south of Prairie Creek. Apparently no figures comparing the projected hazards of ice and fog had been made. The answer to my question was vague.

But other answers were very positive. For example, the question of aesthetic considerations. "I will build a beautiful highway on that beach," Helwer told me. "I will build a highway that will *enhance* that beach. But that route over the ridge above the park—have you seen what it looks like up there? There won't be anything but stumps there for years. That would be a *hideous* highway!"



I did not ask Helwer why, if a freeway could enhance some of the last miles of primitive beach on the thousand-mile California coastline, a freeway could not also enhance the admittedly devastated ridge. But I did ask him how a cut 250 feet deep and 680 feet wide would enhance what will be left of the Blanche Hamlin Garland Memorial Grove, if the freeway follows the approved route through the park. "That's a very inferior stand of redwood in there," he answered. "It's a mixed forest with a lot of alder and vine maple—weed trees like that—and full of brush. We wouldn't be destroying that grove; we'd be enhancing it."

Helwer's concluding arguments were: "I want to open up that beach for all the people, not just the few who will drive down an old gravel road or walk down there. You have to move with the times. People just don't walk any more. They drive cars. And no matter what you do, the people are going to come in there anyway. So you might as well build them a decent highway."

WHAT Helwer seemed to be saying was that nobody knows whether it is population pressure that creates a freeway or the freeway that creates population pressure in a given area. And there he seemed to be voicing one of our major confusions over such alterations of our planet as are involved in freeway construction.

After I had talked to the engineers of District One of the California Division of Highways, I talked to a number of the rangers of District One of the California Division of Beaches and Parks. "Highways are just doing their job," Assistant District Superintendent Henry Saddler conceded. "The law says they have got to build the safest, cheapest highway possible. Of course it's going to be cheaper to build a highway on a flat beach than to build it through the rugged terrain around the park. And the Division of Highways' position is, of course, that freeways should be built through beautiful areas. Our own position is that no freeway can possibly be called 'beautiful,' and that high-speed roads must be kept out of areas preserved for their historic value, their wilderness value, their camping value—that such places should be kept as peaceful and quiet and unchanged as possible."

Then he added ruefully, "The

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trouble is that the Division of Highways has the power to condemn any land it wants to, and since there aren't any public interests to fight the kind of fight over public land that private owners will fight over private land, park land usually comes a lot cheaper than private land."

Another member of the California Park Service, Ranger Joe Hood, took me on a jolting six-hour truck tour of the alternate ridge route proposed by the Division of Parks and by private organizations such as the Sierra Club and the Save-the-Redwoods League. He wanted to show me two things—first, that the ridge route, though perhaps not so well suited to a freeway as the straight flat beach, was nevertheless at least as practicable as much of the terrain through which U.S. 101 already passes. He also wanted to show me that the "scenic values" to which the Highway Commission aspires are not lacking along the ridge route, despite the denuding of the hillsides by recent logging. From the top of the ridge, depending on whether or not the low ocean fog covers the beach, one can look down either on hilltops rising splendidly out of the brilliant white mist, or, if the day is clear, on all of Prairie Creek Park, the Pacific shore, and the ocean. To the east, deer brush has begun to cover the thin reddish topsoil of the logged hills. Deer brush is green the year round, and for much of the spring and summer it blooms profusely, creating a thick, blue-green cover for the hills where two-thousand-year-old redwoods grew a few years before.

"There *will* be various kinds of beauty to be seen from a highway built here around the park," Hood declared. "And there will also be a permanent contrast between the virgin forest of Prairie Creek and the way the country looks after it is logged. Most of these hills are being reseeded with Douglas fir, because the fir is an easier tree to get started. And no matter how much deer brush grows, and how many fir trees—and, we hope, eventually second-growth redwoods—still, nobody who drives up here can help seeing the difference between a virgin redwood forest and the place where that forest once was. I sometimes wonder if that isn't one reason why the timber interests are so dead set against having the highway put up here on the ridge. Maybe they would just as soon not have a lot of people making the comparison. Maybe they'd rather have the tourists down there on the beach, either lost in the fog or looking up from the highway at six or seven miles of bluffs covered with virgin forest."

Businessmen and Posy Pluckers

From my talks with the Park Service men I went to the transcripts of two long and bitter hearings held last year—hearings in which the Park Service, the conservation clubs, and a number of private citizens were lined up against the logging companies, small-town chambers of commerce, and the Division of Highways. Lawyer Robert W. Jasperson, speaking on behalf of the Trustees for Conservation, summed up the legal arguments against a freeway invasion of the park by asserting that since park lands deeded to the state by private donors were accepted by the state "in trust for park purposes," it is a clear violation of the law to use those lands for the building of highways. He further reminded those present at the hearings that approximately three-fourths of Prairie Creek Park is made up of more than eighty privately donated memorial groves, and he concluded by stating that the proposed cut, 250 feet deep and 680 feet wide through the Garland Memorial Grove, could in no way be reconciled with the terms under which the people of California accepted the gift of the grove. The difference in cost between the route that would spare the park and the route that would go through it, Jasperson conceded in a letter to me, would run to between four and six million dollars. "But the budget this year for highways in California is $840 million. California can afford the difference."

Henry Trobitz, manager of the California Timberlands Division for the Simpson Timber Company, presented the following affecting argument: "Our present use of the highway between Arcata and Klamath involves approximately 25,000 trips annually by trucks hauling logs, lumber, and veneer. . . . We estimate that the proposed ridge route, being

CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Spanish primitive of the Three Kings in scarlet, green, and gold, a della Robbia Nativity, a fifteenth century street scene by a Flemish master, a Raphael drawing, a blue and gold Japanese scroll of celestial musicians, a circus painting from a French snuffbox, a prancing lion and a rose in embroidered silks, and a collection of brilliant watercolor sketches of Early American sleighs are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas gifts—will be mailed September first.

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some three miles longer than the proposed beach route, would involve 75,000 miles of greater mileage to our vehicles than the proposed beach route." (The figures, according to Helwer, are 11.7 as against 13.8 miles —a difference of 2.1 miles.)

SPOKESMEN for various chambers of commerce offered such comments as: "We got the short-pants hikers and the posy pluckers here." "What good is it to preserve to the point where a product, even though it be just esthetic, is available to only the few who have the time to stop off for an extended time and meander through the park?" "Think of the tired businessman who could enjoy the view of the beach as he traveled up and down the coast." (According to my calculations, a tired businessman traveling at freeway speed along the beach would be enriched by some six or seven minutes of sideways viewing of the sand and surf—assuming that the day was clear.)

Howard Libbey, president of the Arcata Redwood Company, warned that "The relocation of the highway will remove from the tax rolls additional land now in private ownership and restore nothing to the tax base." Since Libbey's company owns some of the private land involved in the ridge right-of-way, presumably he is aware that the approximately seven hundred acres of logged land required, taxed at roughly twenty-five cents an acre, will return to the county an annual sum of less than $200. And there are a number of people who would strongly disagree that the preservation of the park, with the resulting increase of tourist trade, would "restore nothing to the tax base." According to recent studies, it is not loggers but tourists who raise the tax base in Humboldt County—by forty per cent or more in areas where catering to tourists has superseded logging.

Finally, James Stokes of the Department of Fish and Game asked Helwer about the problem of the Roosevelt elk, animals accustomed to crossing and recrossing the beach. "Elk crossing the highway are a hazard just as deer or cattle . . . are a hazard," said Helwer. But he added, " . . . we have only five accident reports [since 1953] in our files involving elk, . . . [and] none . . . involved . . . injuries to the occupants of the vehicles. . . . the elk are not nearly as hazardous as redwood trees. The elk can run, but the trees can't."

A strange echo! More than half a century ago, John Muir, founder of the Sierra Club, wrote: "Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away; and if they could they would still be destroyed. . . . God has cared for these Sequoias, saved them from drought, disease, avalanches, and a thousand straining, leveling tempests and floods; but he cannot save them from fools—only Uncle Sam can do that."

The Prodigal Uncle

But Uncle Sam is currently doing a great deal more to destroy the trees than he is doing to preserve them. Congress will be asked to appropriate many millions to establish a proposed National Redwoods Park,

but vastly larger sums go indirectly to invading nature. As the San Francisco *Chronicle* has pointed out, "One source of the [California] freeway builders' power is an annual budget of nearly three-quarters of a billion dollars. This flows in mainly from gas-tax funds and Federal grants—a cornucopia of wealth not subject to supervision by the governor, the State Office of Finance, or the legislature. . . ." Then it cited the case of a highway project that started out to be a simple improvement of a two-lane road between two small towns in the Mother Lode country. "But when Federal funds became available, the engineers decided this was a fine opportunity to run a four-lane freeway through the center of the town, obliterating several century-old buildings. . . . The important lesson of Nevada City is that the engineering mind finds it difficult to grasp the fact that you can't run a freeway through a redwood grove or the center of a historic town without violating its integrity."

The first six hundred miles of U.S. 101 were originally laid out by the Spaniards, to connect their seventeen missions strung out between the Mexican border and San Francisco. Although that first road along the California coast was hardly more than a good pack-horse trail, its proud builders named it El Camino Real—the Royal Highway—and the highway is still called by this name south of the Golden Gate Bridge.

The Spaniards did not possess the mighty planet-altering tools available to the California Highway Department engineers. And when they named their trail the Royal Highway, they certainly could not have imagined what a different meaning those words might have, nearly two centuries later, with the chain saws and bulldozers and asphalt trucks and earth-moving machines poised at the boundaries of Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park.

A bill introduced in the last session of the California legislature to curb the powers of the Highway Commission by constitutional amendment has been defeated, and there will thus be no real help from the legislature until the next session, which may not convene for a year because of a senate-house squabble over the need for an earlier meeting. Meanwhile, one small scrap of comfort has been vouchsafed for those who hope to preserve California's state parks: the Highway Commission can no longer condemn park land solely because it happens to lie within the "shortest distance between two points." Still, as Governor Edmund G. Brown has been reported as saying, "The Highway Commission is answerable only to God."

The greatest hope, not just for Prairie Creek but for the "beauty of our country," about which President Johnson has spoken so eloquently, is that the President and the Secretary of the Interior will prevail upon Congress to enact prompt legislation that will unequivocally prohibit the use of Federal funds for freeway invasion of any city, county, state, or national park.

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An Outing At Sant' Erasmo

ANTONIO BAROLINI

My Cousin Gigi, a Venetian engineer in his early fifties, was a bachelor until a few weeks ago. When old Ginevra died—she had been his housekeeper for years and, before that, in service in his father's household—Gigi made the acquaintance of a personable middle-aged widow who was seeking a position as housekeeper. "Then," as he wrote me, "at my age, it suddenly seemed more fitting to have a wife than a housekeeper." And so he had married the widow, and his letter, in the same succinct, half-ironic, half-jesting style that had always been his, was a sort of shamefaced request for my approval, as from one who owns up to his latest prank. But why in the world should he get in touch about something that my opinion, pro or con, could hardly change? I hastened to reply, saying, of course, that he had done right.

Each summer of my boyhood, for as long as I remember, my mother and sisters and I left our home in Vicenza to spend two months with Gigi's family in Venice. These were glorious times of sun and water spent with our families on the beach of the Lido and later, as Gigi and I got older, alone in his boat. For Gigi owned a *topo,* the sailing boat of the Venetian Lagoon that is also used for fishing in the Adriatic or for hauling light loads in the narrow canals of the city. But mainly it's a marvelous local means of sport.

It's called *topo,* which means mouse, probably because in a way it *is* mouselike. It's low and long and its prow is pointed; the stern is round. Its keel is not deep and it skims the water of the lagoon, even where it is shallow, with the same fast wriggle with which mice swim across certain sluggish Venetian canals. The *topo* has two sails which fly from a single mast and which we hoisted as soon as we were in the open lagoon.

Venice is divided into seven districts or *sestieri,* and Gigi's family lived in the one named Castello, on the northeast side of the Grand Canal in the vicinity of the Church of San Lorenzo. They lived in the very heart of the city, their place facing on one side one of those narrow canals known as *rios,* and on the other overlooking a typical short Venetian passageway. Gigi's *topo* was kept tied up in the water at his doorstep, and when we set out for a sail we first rowed it through a network of *rios* and under many arched bridges. We almost never took the direct way through Rio Santa Giustina but, because we liked to buy fresh bread from a baker who made crusty, mouth-watering loaves just as we liked them and who was in the Campo dei Santi Giovanni e Paolo, we took a longer, more meandering route. Past Verrocchio's proud equestrian statue of the condottiere Bartolommeo Colleoni we went, past the Gothic Church of Saints Giovanni e Paolo (whom Venetian dialect lumps together as "San Zanipolo"), past the ornate façade of a fifteenth-century meeting hall used since 1815 as a hospital and still in my time known as the Civic Hospital. Gliding past these riches, viewing the city's crowded internal passages hung from wall to wall with wash, seeing crumbling corner shrines where flaking ex-voto paintings made ingenuous claim to divine intercession in shipwreck and other calamities, our mouths full of fragrant fresh bread, we threaded the Rio dei Mendicanti and finally came out into the lagoon. There, at the side of the Fondamente Nuove embankment, we tied the *topo* momentarily to a stake. Then, once the sails were rigged out and the rudder fitted in place, we loosed our mooring and set out across the waters skirting San Michele, the cypress-spiked cemetery island of Venice.

Gigi was the real master and sailing expert, I merely his willing and obedient helper. From the heights of his superiority toward a landlubber cousin he proffered affection mixed with disparagement: "Some things," he would tell me, "you'll never understand, and for two reasons: one, because you go to the classical lycée instead of the scientific one as I do, and then, no matter how you cut it, poets are poets, and not da Vinci or Galileo or Volta." He was right. I loved to read the poets and Gigi had just discovered that I was courting a girl named Cecilia on the beach by reading her some new Italian translations of Tagore. "You had better learn," Gigi told me that time, "that poetry serves absolutely no purpose with girls. The important thing is decisive action and aiming directly for the mark. You start right in with the real action—no hedging around with poetry. First, maybe, the girls pretend they don't like it, but they will soon enough."

His certainty and evident experience fascinated and disturbed me; compared to him I really was a poor oaf of a country cousin.

Our excursions on the lagoon generally lasted the whole day. We came back tired, eyes blinded from the reflection of sun on water, skin blackened by the sun. Sometimes, if the wind was favorable, we even undertook a trip on the open sea; on

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the other side, that is, of the long breakwater of San Nicolò near the Lido. We passed in front of the lighthouse where the water broke among the rocks, transparent and limpid to its depths. There we tacked and headed for the beach. We'd get there at the height of noon, joyfully hailed by our friends and by our parents and sisters, who usually passed the whole of their summer days there.

But this long and tiring trip was not the one we liked best, even if it gave us the immeasurable pleasure of touching the waves of the open sea. For once we put to shore, the jaunt was bound to end up in the confines of the little duties and obligations owed to one's family, in the restrictions imposed by the presence of adults, in the vexations of their warnings, their instructions, their commands. We usually couldn't wait to find an excuse to leave again, even if the wind wasn't right and the sun was still too high, and waiting on the beach would have promised us a more rapid and less scorching return with the fresh breezes of late afternoon.

As if at that age the scorching sun could stop us! For there was nothing more refreshing to our spirits than finding ourselves alone on the sea, wind or no wind, under the great covering shadows of white sails.

THAT SUMMER both Gigi and I were just over sixteen, but he was lean, wiry, quite a bit taller than I, and seemed older. All ventures appeared wonderful to us, and our subjects of conversation were mainly three: electrical circuits and installation (Gigi was an expert in the mat-

ter); how to sail a boat and why the Venetian *topo,* despite what the snobs said, was a boat of great class and tradition, preferable to any other; and, finally, how to make out with girls.

In Gigi's eyes, I was nothing more than a rank beginner in all three of these matters; therefore, he had to be my teacher. (It was understood that I had nothing at all of any value to impart to him.) Lovemaking was the one constant point of return of our conversations, dominating all other themes, because, as Gigi explained to me. "Until you've known a girl, you can't say you're a man." His authority, for multiple and valid reasons, was indisputable in my eyes.

His family, after all, was not like mine, in which for moral reasons certain subjects were simply not discussed. He had not been left fatherless at ten as I had. His father was notably alive, a vigorous, articulate, opinionated man who gave hearty approval to all the ways of the world and the flesh. Gigi had often repeated his father's precepts in regard to manliness to me so that I knew them by heart as well as he did; even so, I just couldn't get up the self-confidence and boldness that he showed with girls.

His friends, too, confirmed his successes and wove ever stronger the fabric of his fame. It was even said that Gigi had once entered a brothel but had been sent off when he couldn't produce an identity card to show he was at least eighteen.

"The truth is," he would tell me complacently while I bailed out the boat after we had just cleaned it, "the truth is you've never seen a naked woman—not even one dressed in transparent veils and feathers and beads with a bra of two little leaves. It's clear that as long as you read about Beatrice and Laura you're always going to reek of incense and seminaries and scare the girls away."

Such remarks stirred, offended, and mortified me. During the days when, instead of going out in the *topo,* we went to the beach, I was in on all the whispered disclosures and confidences passed between him and his friends. It was a seemingly endless and obsessive recitation: "Did you see the figure Loredana's new bathing suit gives her? . . . Try catching Giulia underwater and see how she'll surprise you! . . . Have you met that new red-headed friend of Anna's from Bologna—you know what they say about the girls from Bologna!"

It also might happen that Gigi would disappear from the beach for a long interval and reappear late in the afternoon when the beach was practically deserted and there was just time to make the *vaporetto* that would take us back to the city. Scoffingly he would answer my query as to where he'd been: "And where do you think I've been all this time? You see that old shack way down the beach, down there where no one ever goes? Gabriela and I have been

there all afternoon—you can imagine doing what!"

I was inwardly both enraged and depressed because for me there were none of these easy adventures. Once, while reading to Cecilia, overcome by a sense of my insufficiency I suddenly burst out, "Don't you think that it's time for us to really make love and not just read about it?" But all the reply I got for that indiscretion was a slap on the face. And we didn't read together any more after that, not even Tagore.

ONE DAY, while we were hoisting sail at the Fondamente Nuove, Gigi started talking to two girls who stood watching us. "Hey there," he called to them, "I know who you are—you're Paola and you're Rosina. Do you want to come out in the boat with us for an hour?"

They giggled with pleasure and one answered boldly, "Yes, but no more than an hour."

They were two young girls of the slums behind the Fondamente Nuove, attractive and shabby in their cheap print dresses. They had almost certainly just come out from those damp old decaying houses of the dark alleyways behind the embankment where all the sun they got was up on the rooftops where wash was hung to dry. The embankment is gay and airy and always thronged with people, especially between the Rio dei Mendicanti and the excursion piers. Boys play, young girls stroll, inter-island visitors come and depart. But the two girls came from the dark, sinister world just beyond, where starving cats prowled and miasmas of dank smells rose from the crowded alleys. How Gigi

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knew those girls I never learned.

He winked at me. "You see how they come," he said. "Paola, that's the dark-haired one," he added with a threatening look, "is mine; let's get that straight right off."

We sailed with the girls for a good hour over all the tract of the lagoon between San Michele, Le Vignole—so called because they are the city's truck-garden islands—and Venice. The sun flecked the city mauve on one side of us and on the other there was the rosy light of San Michele's brick cemetery wall with the black cones of cypresses showing starkly over its top.

I was awkward with the girls at first and then gay, though timid. They talked about themselves and helped themselves to our bread and cheese. Paola's father was a shoemaker, her mother took in washing; she had a crew of brothers and sisters who played on the embankment. Her hair was long and black and her skin white with a bluish cast. Her hands were long and thin and she went to a school of embroidery every evening. Her body was slender, but abundant breasts swelled under the light printed cotton of her loose dress. As for Rosina, she wasn't really homely, though her hair was unkempt and her features ordinary; still, I was disconcerted because one of her eyes was crossed and had a blanched pupil.

She worked at beading handbags three days a week at Murano, she told me. Beaded bags were all the rage then. "How do you manage to string the beads?" I asked, thinking of her eye.

"Oh," she answered carelessly, "I use an eyepiece like a watchmaker's —you know what I mean? It makes everything easy." She laughed goodnaturedly. She too was slender but with less conspicuous a bosom than Paola's and a sharp sense of poverty seemed to emanate from her. Her mother was sick and her father a gondolier, she said, adding, "But you know, if there are no tourists, there's no pay."

Combined with the easy gaiety of our meeting there was an aura of misery that made me uncomfortable; Rosina especially gave me this feeling, this contact with a world that was new, unknown, unsafe, that made me afraid.

Gigi was totally unconcerned with such sensations, the complete master of himself and his ship. "I told you an hour," he declared authoritatively after a while, "and an hour is all I'll keep you. But if you're willing and the weather is good, we can go

out for the whole day the day after tomorrow. We can go to Sant' Erasmo—have you ever been there? We'll start about ten in the morning and be back no later than seven that evening. Are you with us? All right, then, that's what we'll do. Be on the embankment where we tie up at ten sharp and we'll be here with all the food for a picnic. If you're here, fine, it means your folks will let you come. If not, too bad, we'll go alone."

That evening Gigi and I talked about the project. "But do you think they'll come?" I asked him. "Will their parents let them come?"

Gigi had no doubts. "These people are always hungry," he told me with the assurance of someone who has seen and knows everything. "Of course they'll come, and we'll have a great time."

He convinced me. And yet, despite the prospects of the trip and the girls' company, the thought of Rosina's crossed eye continued to bother me. "You've taken the best one," I told Gigi. He looked at me superciliously. "You are an ingrate. First of all I've known Paola awhile. And then, there you are complaining while I want to make a man of you and you evidently don't know that in the beginning you always have to be satisfied with what comes your way. As for a crossed eye," he wound up grandly, "haven't you read the cabala? Our maid Ginevra has it—she keeps it in a cupboard drawer in the kitchen. Go get it and look up what it says for 'Cross-eyed Woman.' Then you'll find out that Venus was cross-eyed and that the best part of a cross-eyed woman is in the way her eyes straighten during moments of passion. Don't tell me I even have to teach you mythology—that should have been your subject matter at the classical lycée, not mine!"

This revelation of Venus struck home and greatly consoled me, at least for the rest of that evening. All next day, Gigi dedicated himself to organizing supplies for the trip. He prepared the *topo,* hiding cushions in the stern locker so that no one in his family would suspect that we were to have guests with us. He got cigarettes. He cajoled some wine out of Ginevra's stores and even got her to make an almond cake for us without his mother's knowing. He spent a good part of the afternoon giving me detailed instructions. That evening at dinner he announced to his family the trip we had in mind for the next day.

Our sisters almost upset our plans with the sudden notion that they wanted to come along with us. "I don't want the responsibility of women in the boat," Gigi established at once with decision. And his father, fortunately, seconded him. "These aren't trips for you," he told the girls. "I'll take you myself to Torcello on Sunday."

That evening was an anxious one for me. "Tell me the truth," I asked Gigi that night when we were alone in his room before going to sleep. "Have you ever really made love, real love, with a woman?"

He laughed derisively and the sound connoted dozens, hundreds of women in thin veils. "Don't worry," he said, "everything will work out for you tomorrow. No matter how it goes, the experience will be good for you." Then he yawned and turned out the light.

We got up early and loaded the boat with our provisions. Ginevra didn't ask any questions about the quantities of food we were taking. We stopped for bread along the way, and its good, familiar taste sustained and calmed me.

The day was a splendid warm one in the middle of July. The reflections of the bridge striped with dark green the blue of the canals we passed through. I rowed in front and Gigi in the stern, calling out sharply at each turning as the gondolieri do. Would Paola and Rosina really be there? Gigi was expansive and sure. I was anxious and became

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even more so when, issuing from the Rio dei Mendicanti, I caught sight of them festively dressed in their best and waving to us from the embankment.

Then there was a surging of pleasure in the *topo*: happy, combed, neat, and scrubbed in their clean dresses, the two girls were like two daughters of the living summer. Seated in the boat, they chattered and waved proudly to friends on the embankment while Gigi and I hoisted sail.

The morning breeze was lively and the *topo* skimmed swiftly over the lagoon, carrying us quickly beyond San Michele. We passed Murano after a while and tacked toward the east. Gigi stayed at the helm and I sat in the prow. Sprawled on their cushions under the sails, the girls took off their sandals and thrust their arms into the water.

Sant' Erasmo is a good-sized island facing the open sea and creating, by its position in line with the Lido and other islands, two of the principal ships' entrances from the Adriatic into the Venetian Lagoon. At that time (I don't know about today) the island seemed to be cultivated entirely in peach orchards. Mooring there, as we did, on a July midday of sun was like tying fast to the shores of an enchanted lost paradise. We reached there from the lagoon side; the peach orchards extended as far as we could see, the trees still laden with fresh fruit despite the hot sun.

For a few coins we bought peaches from the peasants who tended the orchards. It was the same fruit that each morning was brought by boat to market at the Rialto and then distributed throughout the city, ending up on our own tables; but out there the fruit had another taste. For a few more lire, some boys took care of the *topo* and granted us permission to cross through the orchards to the beach on the seaside. The paths that led to the sea were of beaten red earth that passed under the shade of the peach trees. Here and there were thickets of blackberries and wild roses twisted around the stumps of old dried-out grapevines. The beach, indented here and there with stupendous rocks, was deserted when we reached it.

We ate under the shade of some brambles that had overgrown part of the old vineyard and made a cool shelter. The orchards were behind us, the sea in front. We joked together and chatted, we tossed crumbs of our almond cake to the gulls. Then we began to play hide-and-seek like children. After a bit Rosina and I found ourselves alone in a little ravine of rocks and shrubs. We kissed. I could feel her tremble and at the same time I was obsessed with the thought that I should be watching to see if her crossed eye turned straight.

I tried to advance but dared not when she resisted. "That's not nice," she told me simply. Still I felt serene, imbued with contentment in that air and sun; it was enough to caress her hair, look intently at the hands that threaded beads. After a long while Gigi called to us. "Hey

over there!" he shouted. "Where are you holed up? It's time to start back." As always, his voice was commanding.

On the return trip we were tired and silent, watching the red strokes of sunset; Murano fading in the first shades of twilight, San Michele's cypresses looming like melancholy tongues of flame against the lagoon, and then the city.

"What happened when you were alone?" I asked Gigi the minute the girls got out of the boat at the Fondamente Nuove.

"You're asking *me?*" he answered witheringly. "What about you? Did you make out? Are you really a man now?"

"I'm a man," I said somberly, and since he insisted on details, I invented a plausible account of seduction and conquest.

"Ah, so you finally made it," he snickered. "Everything worked out for you finally, eh?" He laughed.

THAT LAUGH of his remained in my heart like a thorn and I carried it around for a good long while. Then life separated us. My younger sister was ailing and the doctors prescribed mountain air, so we no longer spent our summers in Venice. Then the war came.

When Gigi and I met again, by chance on a business trip of mine to Venice, we greeted each other warmly, but everything seemed to divide us; we saw everything in opposition. All that was left for us to speak of was the old times of our boyhood. Somehow we got to reminiscing over our excursion to Sant' Erasmo. Gigi, crippled in the African campaign, limped alongside me, tall, already slightly gray, leaning heavily on his cane.

"Well, at least I made you a man that time!" he said. "And to think that as far as I was concerned the trip was a fiasco. Paola wouldn't let me near her. All that trip for nothing—I could have smacked her."

At that point I gathered together all my adult courage; I told Gigi the truth that I owed him, that went back to old times, to old roots that had to be left clean.

"No," I told him, "I wasn't made a man that time either."

He stopped short and leaned on his cane. He snorted, then burst into a loud laugh. "Well," he said, looking straight at me with a mingling of sadness, affection, and arrogance, "we were both just a couple of kids that day. And now I am still only a boy in a way. You at least are a father—you've taken a man's place in the world. But what am I—alone like this?" It was as if he spoke to himself more than to me. I was silent at first; then we spoke of other matters. We parted.

THINKING BACK to our youthful escapades, to our boat trips on the sea, to our sun-filled day at Sant' Erasmo, a paradise in my memory for the very reason that it was a chaste day of adolescence—thinking back to all that, I now realize perfectly well the true reasons for Gigi's letter to me. It was a belated way of saying to me, "You see, now I too have become a man."

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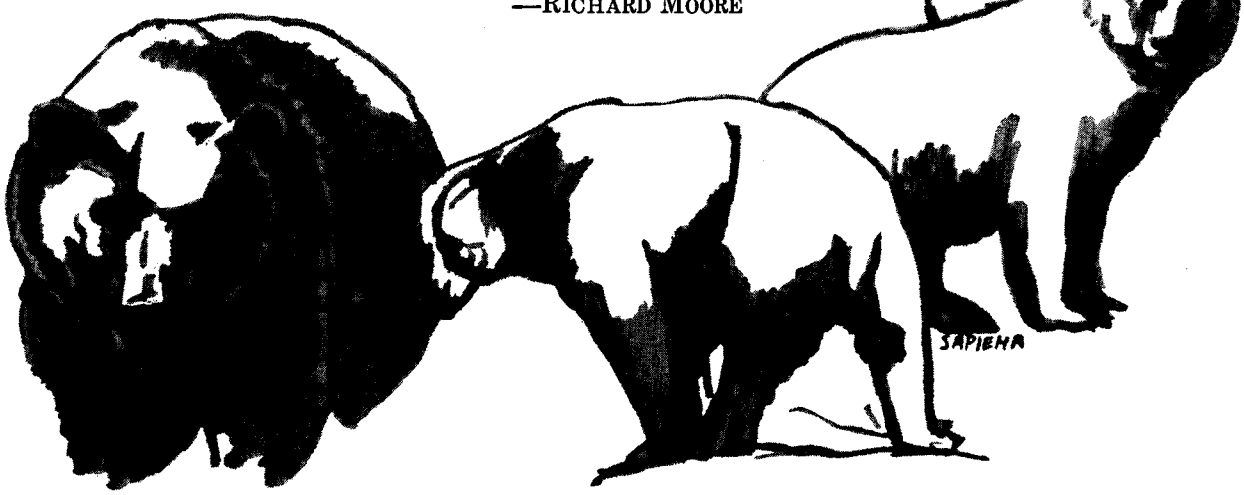
Willy

Willy, enormous Saskatchewan grizzly—your blood partly polar,
tranquil your temper—with only your furred face visible in there
propped up over your puddle and pool rim, scanning the crowd for
peanuts: we're all safe on humanity's side of your cage bars.
One of your elbows sits on your concrete floor, with its huge paw
coyly supporting your chin, while your eyelids droop and your mouth hangs
cavernous, wide as a hillside, opening—heavens!—you're yawning.
Seeming so spiritless—so like a man—are you mocking us, Willy?

Nuts drop near you, and sometimes your free paw, big as a tree stump,
mossy with hair and with stick-sized claws on it, browned and decaying,
darts, and adroitly you sweep one into you, Willy—you're much too
civilized, playing obsequious tricks for these pestering people:
you who have driven whole oxherds before you through forests and ice fields.
Do you remember your long lone nights on the star-dark tundra,
now that you're shut in from life and this wearying crowd and its clamors?
Bored, Willy? Who can awaken you? ("Up, Willy!" someone is calling.)
Peanuts may not be enough. Do you long for some tastier tribute?
That, Willy, needs a more godlike behavior and ("Up, Willy, up, up!")
dignity, Willy; more dignity's needed to . . . Willy? What's moving?

Nothing is moving; yet all of you—face, paws, elbows—is rising.
Mountains of hair there are heaving up under you, streaming with waters,
up, up, up out of splashing cascades: dark shadowy body
up from the black earth's bubbling depths—and the women are shrieking.
How did they dare to confine you, those vermin alive on your shadow?
What is it makes you endure them, O swaying and perilous tower,
touching our day with a second of terror, our nights with a nasty
Freudian dream? How?—deftly you've caught it—that carton of—ice cream!

—RICHARD MOORE



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BOOKS

The Republic of the Spirit

ALFRED KAZIN

EDITH WHARTON AND HENRY JAMES: THE STORY OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP, by Millicent Bell. *George Braziller. $6.50.*

They were both New Yorkers—he had been born on Washington Place and she on West Twenty-third Street. They were both leading figures in that "republic of the spirit" which was the last refuge of the sensitive, *their* idea of aristocracy, their only countervailing power to a society commercial from top to bottom. They were both novelists for whom the novel was the most expressive and the most human of literary forms. They were both vulnerable and inwardly isolated, with that sometimes crippling feeling of their oddity which sensitive Americans felt in the crucial decades after the Civil War, when technology became the master of all American destinies and when the money power openly took over the government and what had passed, among Americans, for "society." They were both addicted to Europe, to travel, to rich, leisured, and clever company. They were both powerfully energetic producers of many books, eager to know and to see everything, to "experience" everything, to conquer the social and artistic world that lay open to them as distinguished Americans, as members of an international literary elite, as gifted, wonderfully intelligent, insatiable minds.

Yet of course they were very different—and not only because he was a man who seemed more passionate about friendship than about love, while she was a woman, married unhappily, who was unhappily in love with one of those elegantly intelligent but ungiving bachelors who were typical of her male friends. Fundamentally, they were different because he was a genius who in the realm of the imagination outweighed everyone else in their common Anglo-American-Parisian circle, while she was almost too "normal," too lucidly the natural woman, genuinely worldly, sharp, clever, fully accepting the world's standards even when she bitterly complained about the injustice they inflicted on women. James may not be everyone's idea of a genius—his materials could be very limited indeed—but he used and reused these with a passion for the imaginative possibilities in his subjects that impresses us not just with his urgent American will to conquer but with the boundlessness in his thinking. He had that unmistakable uniqueness of intellectual temper which always characterizes the really big and decisive talents. He made no effort to account for himself, but recast and rethought everything from those experiences that were open to him. As a young writer in Europe, seeking his natural attachment to a traditional and ordered society, he discovered that he had a really "grasping" imagination. By the time he settled down in England, he knew that he could "plunder" Europe for his own imaginative purposes and "do" a "situation" in the fashion that would show the greatest amount of artistic "doing."

JAMES was hungry above all for achievement by art; he was a formidable achiever in an age when other powerful Americans of his generation were with the same dominating energy piling up money. Edith Wharton, with the same energy, had not been able to devote it so long and so exclusively to "fine impressions"; the Jameses were encouraged to be intellectually free by their gifted father, but Edith Wharton came from a proud old New York family that did not indulge hard reading and thinking. And in any event, love itself was to mean too much to her. Born in 1862 into a genuinely aristocratic New York clan—Rhinelanders, Schermerhorns, Newbolds, Pendletons, Ledyards, Gallatins—she had had to assert her literary and intellectual interests against the narrow snobberies of her family. She had been married at twenty-three to Edward Robbins Wharton, a rich and pleasant enough socialite who was thirteen years older, did not share her interests, and when she began writing professionally, developed an incurable "neurasthenia." Even as a girl, timidly writing her first poems, Edith Wharton had discovered that there was no natural place in her world for a woman writer. After she was married off to Wharton and was busy living the fashionable life in Newport and Europe, she saw that the frivolous "society" in the nineties could turn very nasty indeed if a young married woman of her unimpeachable background seemed to prefer books and literary people.

Despite opposition and her own hesitations, she was pushed on by the irrepressible discovery of her true interests and ideas, and soon began to publish stories, novels, and books. The more unmistakably she asserted her natural talent, the more peculiar Edward Wharton got. He soon became a confirmed case, wistfully seeking relief for his "gout" and other diseases at all possible watering places on two continents; his wife, who was soon famous as a wonderfully observant satirist of the impossibly stupid old families from the East and the pushy new rich from the West, was also constantly busy planning and filling new houses. She was already rich, she was a successful author, she had a passion for great houses and knew a great deal about furniture and decoration; she moved about from her country estate in the Berkshires to country estates in England and France—and everywhere she went, there went a great big new "motor," with the perfect chauffeur. Her English friend Percy Lubbock was to say, "I had never seen a writer in our old world who kept such state as she did."

AFTER A WHILE "Teddy" Wharton no longer made any trips with her; she was to divorce him in 1913. But Henry James was more and more with her, especially in her motorcar. James was one of many bachelors in her intimate circle; another was Walter Berry, like herself a brilliant intellectual from an "old" New York family, who had become an international lawyer in Paris, and who helped to form her literary tastes

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GUTS

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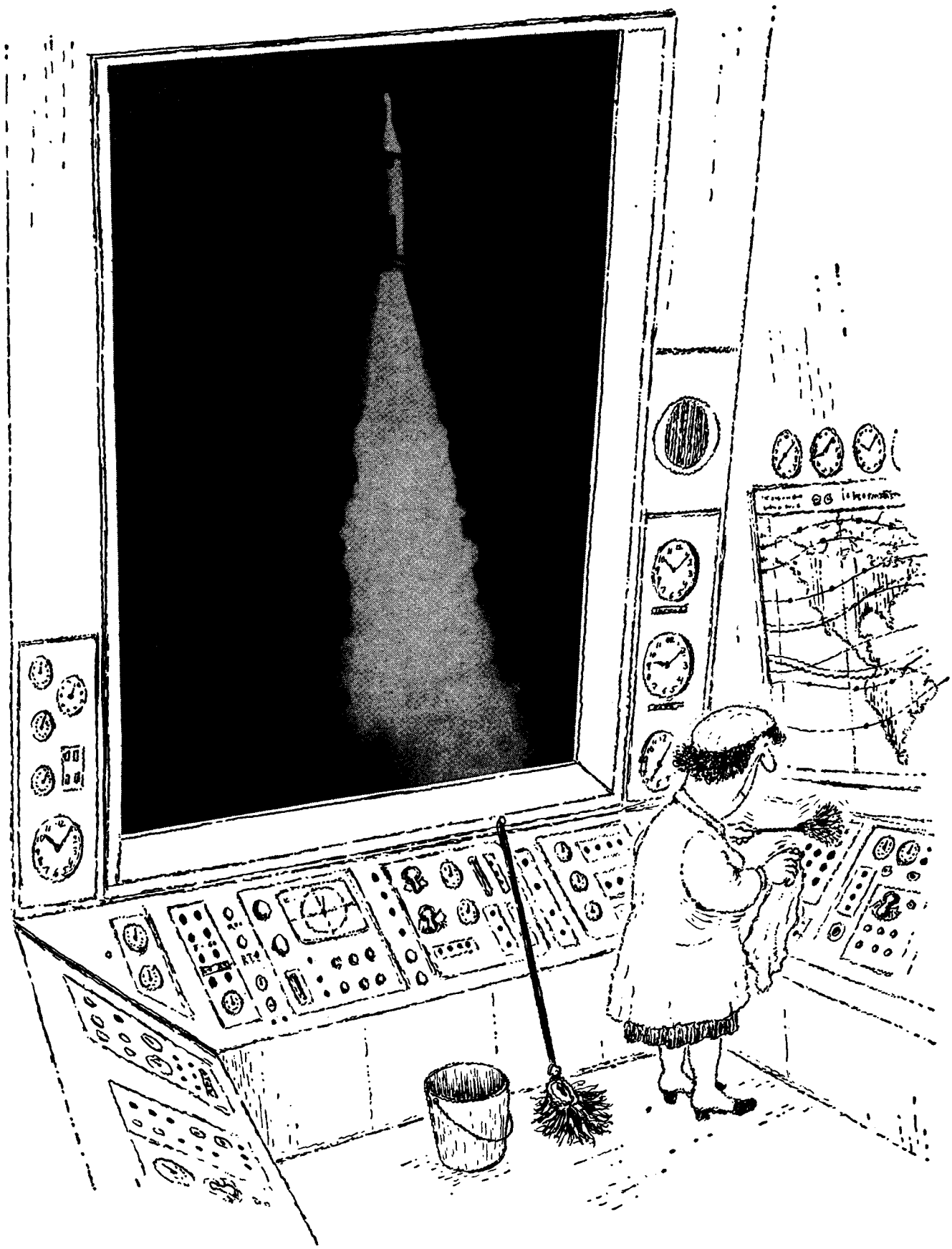

By Fernando Krahn

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and her sense of style. Berry, who was a friend of Marcel Proust's, was apparently a man of considerable cultivation, sensibility, and superciliousness. Although he does not seem to have shown the epicene qualities that were so marked in James's Anglo-American circle, Berry was another of those lifelong bachelors and spectators who were so fastidious in their response to a brutally materialistic age—and who were to be so frustrating to women in Edith Wharton's novels.

Edith Wharton was in love with Berry. Although her most intimate papers are sealed in the Yale Library until 1968, we know from the many unpublished letters by Henry James now at Harvard—Millicent Bell's excellent book is founded on such manuscript sources—and from portions of her diary first published by Wayne Andrews, the prime authority on Edith Wharton's life, that she had fallen in love with Berry while she was still married to Wharton. (She kept the diary in German so as to keep its revelations from people around her.) Although she and Berry traveled together and were often in each other's company, the passion seems to have been largely on her side. She was to write a great deal about unfulfilled love, and her literary temper, naturally ironic, did not founder for lack of material.

James, as the documentation in Miss Bell's book shows, was sometimes quite intimidated by her. She would pounce down on him at his English country retreat in Rye after only the most sudden warning that she was on her way over from America or France. Though she could always please him in her munificently hospitable style by taking him off on those motor tours that opened up for him a whole new domain of "impressions," she often left him exhausted and rueful over the time she kept him away from his desk. He was almost twenty years older than she, he was considerably more complex and careful of himself—and the years that saw her emerging triumphantly as a novelist with best-sellers like *The House of Mirth* (1905) were exactly the years in which James's standing with the public was its lowest. The now celebrated "major phase" of James's later years—*The Wings of the Dove, The Ambassadors, The Golden Bowl*—seemed to many of his old friends and associates, notably Mrs. Wharton herself, his most eccentric phase. "Don't ask me what I think of *The Wings of the Dove*," she wrote to the chief editor at Scribner's, W. C. Brownell. Brownell, a well-known and influential critic of the time, himself disliked James's later work. He wrote that James was prompted by mere "curiosity," that this was James's "one passion," and that he pursued curiosity for its own sake, with less interest in his characters than in the puzzle of his situations.

Such views of James now seem very old-fashioned and unperceptive; we have gone to the other extreme, and even Maxwell Geismar's emotional and total attack on James, obviously motivated by resentment of other critics, points up the extent to which critical opinion now tends to make out the best possible case for James. Miss Bell's own book, which is intelligent, well written, and extremely useful to anyone interested in her two central figures and their period, certainly takes everything by James *and* Mrs. Wharton very seriously, too. No doubt she could not otherwise have written such a patiently researched and helpful book.

It may very well be that in our happy discovery just now of so much available and soon to be available unpublished material on American literary figures, there is no easy way of striking the proper balance between biography and criticism. I like Miss Bell's book and have learned from it; but I am sure that although she demonstrates how little Mrs. Wharton owes to James as a novelist and how much their artistic ideals diverged, she cannot help wanting to make more of Mrs. Wharton as an independently interesting artist than the facts will warrant. Edith Wharton was always superbly competent, intelligent, and honest. As a novelist, she possessed all the virtues that could possibly come to her from being as intelligent, lucid, worldly, and passionate about life as she was. But she was never deep, she was in no sense an original; and witty and strong as her best books are, she never wrote one that is, creatively speaking, as individual as the best books of James—or of Crane, Dreiser, and even Sinclair Lewis. As a literary artist, she had great elegance and directness. But much as I enjoy reading her, I am always aware of her "mundanity," to use a word apparently much used in her day—the mundane, worldly element which makes her writing sparkle but which keeps her from approaching with a deeper instinct the "mystery of personality," the enigmas surrounding all human intimacy, that concerned writers cruder than herself. Edith Wharton was a fascinating woman, and her story here is of the greatest possible interest; exactly as interesting as one of her novels, and with the same easy coupling of light and shadow.

Of Pieties And Policy

JAMES R. SCHLESINGER

Where Science and Politics Meet, by Jerome B. Wiesner. *McGraw-Hill. $6.95.*

This book attempts, in a sense, to restate and justify Jerome B. Wiesner's attitudes and actions while in office. Especially during the Kennedy years, he was a lively and controversial figure in Washington, and his impact on U.S. policy was far from negligible. A major force behind the partial test ban and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, he pressed for increased public support for scientific and technical activities and for foreign assistance. His influence even on military policy may in some respects have been beneficial. Along with others, he sought a reduction in the vulnerability of U.S. retaliatory forces, and for command and control arrangements that may have contributed to a reduced risk of nuclear accidents. More debatably, he resisted efforts to preserve the strategic superiority of the United States or to push ahead with programs for civil or ballistic-missile defense.

Yet, judged on its own merits, his book is both dated and generally disappointing. The title itself is misleading. If Dr. Wiesner has developed any explicit views on the connection

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between science and politics, he fails to let the reader in on the secret. The dimensions and framework of science policy aren't considered, and science itself or its role is hardly mentioned. Instead the reader is left to infer that the role of politics is to provide scientists and technologists with whatever resources they desire, while they in turn provide politics with comprehensive plans for disarmament and for stimulating progress in the less developed countries.

A LITTLE MORE than half the book is given over to brief occasional papers, touching so lightly on so many topics that detailed analysis of any of them is precluded. The first paper, a standard tribute to the late President, is exceptional only in that the reader may be left with the feeling that he has too vividly experienced the full implication of La Rochefoucauld's aphorism that the love of princes is but another form of self-love. The second paper is a campaign speech in behalf of President Johnson replete with the distortion and hyperbole that characterize that particular art form. Several convention addresses follow, under such catchy titles as "Living with Science" and "Science in the Affluent Society." The remainder consists largely of testimony before Congress in support of various programs. The dominant themes, with numerous variations, are the following: (1) Science is Good; (2) Progress is Good; (3) Money is Good for Science; (4) Science is Good for Peace; (5) Peace is Good for Science; (6) Money, Science, Peace, and Progress are Good for Impoverished Nations. Such banalities are the standard fare of political discussion and advocacy, but are rarely republished. Politicians recognize them for what they are: transitory exhortations designed to generate enthusiasm or support. Academics normally consider such material too thin intellectually, too barren of detail, too political, too biased to preserve.

The present volume confirms such scholarly inhibitions. In order to buttress the case for public support for science, for example, Dr. Wiesner develops a version of Galbraithian economics that Professor Galbraith, iconoclast though he may be, would scarcely recognize: "Modern machinery and automation had made it possible to produce all the consumer goods which the American people would ever want." Galbraith's position is not that consumer demand is on the point of satiation, but rather that the relative benefits of public goods are much greater. The fiscal policies of both the Kennedy and Johnson administrations have been based, incidentally, on a proposition directly contrary to Dr. Wiesner's —that consumer demand, released by tax reduction, is indefinitely expansible and can be counted on to push the economy to higher levels of activity. So far, the evidence seems to support the Council of Economic Advisers and not Dr. Wiesner. No matter how deep-rooted Dr. Wiesner's theoretical conviction that ours is a "society where scarcity need not exist," the repeated references in the book itself to shortages and inadequacies (water, education, trained personnel, research support, brain power) seem to suggest the contrary. And the neglect, amid all the pleas for money, of any real grappling with allocation, priorities, or the cruelties of budgetary decisions, seems to indicate the continued relevancy of the traditional economic calculus.

Such passages as "In reviewing the political scene, President Kennedy once observed that there are cycles in the affairs of men" reveal what can most charitably be described as cultural impoverishment. Contrary to Dr. Wiesner's impression, this was neither a fresh nor an original observation on the part of the late President. Yet such lapses suggest both the tone and the value of this section of the book: at best, adequate political literature; at worst, triviality. It is a kind of smorgasbord that manages to be both bland and indigestible.

AFTER the thinness of these essays, one turns with relief to the relatively solid fare of the last section, which is concerned with arms control. Whatever its defects, and they are numerous, here is something that merits analysis. Quite properly, Dr. Wiesner identifies the risks of nuclear engagement as the paramount problem of the age. Quite properly, again, he perceives that for the present, fear is a major driving force behind Soviet as well as American policy. But identifying "the lack of mutual confidence" as a problem does not imply that policy questions can be readily eliminated by our deciding to put aside our fears and face the future with confidence and trust. Few would deny that concern for security rests upon feelings of insecurity, but such feelings may well be based upon something more deep-seated than an unfavorable psychological atmosphere.

Wiesner's beliefs reflect an underlying theology; for not only do they rest on faith but they also provide a theodicy, standards of good and evil, and the means to salvation. Self-reinforcing mutual suspicion, it is argued, has led to an arms race variously described as violent or accelerating. Yet clearly it is in the joint interest of both sides that they cease augmenting the stock of expensive and destabilizing weaponry. Sad to relate, however, "There has been a reluctance by all parties to consider that proposals are put forward in good faith." Western experts are paralyzed by a "fear of Soviet duplicity" (this statement was written prior to President Kennedy's pungent assertions regarding Soviet behavior at the time of the Cuban missile crisis). Attempts to achieve arms control have foundered because "proposals, no matter how promising, always will be evaluated in a negative state of mind born of fear." There is no hint that there is any serious basis for mistrust, except for one dark reference to "Stalinist, militarist groups . . . who generally advocate militant aggressive foreign policies" and who, it is asserted, may have contributed to Khrushchev's overthrow. (If so sinister a group has *that* much influence, some caution on the U.S. side seems understandable.) Nowhere is it indicated that a "utopian optimism born of hope" might prove even more detrimental than the negative state of mind born of fear. Yet, as will be seen, Dr. Wiesner's own handling of the state of military technology can be interpreted only in terms of wishful thinking.

Whether the arms race has accelerated or become violent is a subject that can be studied in detail and without recourse to melodramatic exaggerations. In rejecting the recommendations of the Gaither Committee (of which Dr. Wiesner was

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staff director), the Eisenhower administration may have been negligent, as its critics have maintained, but it can hardly be accused of wholehearted participation in the arms race. Moreover, since Robert S. McNamara became Defense Secretary, the number of delivery vehicles in the U.S. arsenal has remained virtually constant. With the phasing out of early-generation missiles and the last B-47s, the amount of deliverable megatonnage in the total force (not the "alert" force) *will have decreased by approximately fifty per cent*. Looking at the very same data, McNamara's right-wing critics have charged that he has *disarmed* the United States. Such assertions may be based on a misunderstanding of U.S. strategy, of the advantages of accuracy and reduced vulnerability and of the desirability of limiting collateral damage. Nevertheless, the evidence does suggest that, if there has been an arms race in recent years, it has not been a quantitative one on the part of the United States.

It is surprising that Dr. Wiesner draws so little comfort from recent American performance. He makes no reference to the above facts—the partial test ban alone being given credit for slowing down the arms race. Nor does he shed much light on what action the United States should take if the Soviet Union continues to expand its forces. In the same time period, the Soviet Union has substantially increased both delivery vehicles and delivery megatonnage. When and how should the United States respond? Should it expand its own strategic forces? Dr. Wiesner has remarkably little specific advice to offer.

BY FAR the most important paper is the last, for in it Dr. Wiesner's current views on arms policy are developed. It attracted considerable attention on its publication last fall in *Scientific American*. Its co-author is Dr. Herbert F. York, who served in the Eisenhower administration, and the bipartisan authorship seems intended to attest to its scientific unassailability. Wiesner has long felt that thoroughgoing disarmament is unobtainable for the present and that the immediate objective should be to obtain stable mutual deterrence through arms limitation. Earlier in the section he argues that two hundred hardened and dispersed missiles on each side would provide adequate deterrents. The Wiesner-York piece amplifies the case for stable mutual deterrence, but with the added twist that the present prospects for weapons technology make it improbable that anything else can be obtained.

The argument starts plausibly with the contention that nuclear weapons in the low-megaton range are fully adequate to satisfy essential military objectives. One-megaton weapons can destroy soft targets and, with sufficient accuracy, hardened enemy sites as well. It is then suggested that the best protection is provided by large *numbers* of missiles. The argument is cast in terms of the missile-duel calculations fashionable in the late 1950's in which a single missile cannot destroy more than one enemy missile—and a missile force only a smaller number of enemy missiles. The argument against *big bombs* is thus adroitly transformed into one contending that developing or deploying *large-payload missiles* would be militarily unproductive.

From the standpoint of stability, it is truly a misfortune that such calculations are losing their relevance. That, however, is the case. Late in the paper the possibility is recognized that "single rockets can eject multiple warheads," though solely for the purpose of "proving" that ballistic-missile defense is not feasible. Throughout the discussion of the stability obtainable through hardened and dispersed missiles, the multiple-warhead missile is simply ignored—and, for purposes of argument, rightly so, since premature acknowledgment would vitiate much of the prior argument. And Wiesner, at least, is fully aware of the devastating impact on the argument of multiple-warhead missiles. In the earlier chapter (written in 1960) on arms limitation, he quite overtly sidesteps the problem: ". . . this discussion will ignore the very great complications of the multiple weapon problem and consider the pure ballistic missile case." To ignore multiple delivery in a hypothetical article may be defensible, but to ignore the issue four years later in what purports to be a precise and technical treatment verges on the irresponsible.

The potential impact of multiple-warhead missiles is very great, for such weaponry would imply that a single enemy missile could destroy a number of ours. An edge in numbers alone would therefore provide inadequate protection and little comfort. In fact, the hardened and dispersed missile, in which Wiesner and York place substantial trust, may already be obsolescent. Particularly since the cost of missiles varies with the square root of the payload (rather than linearly as Wiesner and York assert), an enemy can in principle threaten with destruction a much larger deployment for a fraction of the cost. Contrary to the Wiesner-York position, the large-payload missile may thus acquire major military importance. Given the potential of multiple warheads and the penetration-aid problem, the Department of Defense would be derelict in its responsibilities if it were to follow the advice of Wiesner and York.

DAMAGE-LIMITING SYSTEMS receive short shrift on even more questionable grounds. Ballistic-missile defense, it is argued, will be useless at best, and probably destabilizing through stimulating additional work on offensive systems. The authors do concede that an *airtight* defense would have major strategic significance, but add that all systems are penetrable to some extent. However, they argue that a system that stops ninety per cent of incoming Soviet missiles would be militarily useless, since the Soviets would simply allocate additional missiles to destroy the target. The discussion is couched in terms of a *single* target—and is valid for one or a limited number of targets. But it is not applicable to an over-all target *system*, unless it rests upon the assumption that the Soviets possess an inexhaustible supply of missiles. The argument is tantamount to saying that a ninety per cent reduction in the weight of a Soviet attack in general war would have *no* damage-limiting significance. At this point the logic is elusive.

Civil defense is also useless. Here the argument starts from the notion that the Soviets would *without warning* launch a strike at American cities. ("Distrust" not only of Soviet motives but even of Soviet ration-

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ality seems to extend into the most unexpected places.) Calculations indicating that fallout shelters alone would save thirty million or more lives in suburban areas, unattacked cities, and rural areas even in such an attack are dismissed with the obscurantist remark that such calculations are nonsensical. It is almost a truism that fallout shelters give little protection in blast areas. Their purpose is to prevent painful and unnecessary deaths away from target areas—especially if an enemy strikes at military sites. Since the authors assume that the chief Soviet objective in war would be to kill the maximum number of Americans rather than to limit damage to the Soviet Union (thus attributing to the Soviets the more callous aspects of U.S. strategic concepts of the mid-1950's), since they disregard the life-saving role of fallout shelters, dismiss blast shelters as unworkable, and do not consider evacuation techniques, the conclusions about civil defense are hardly surprising. They are built into the assumptions.

THE final conclusion is a *reductio ad absurdum*. It states that national insecurity increases *steadily* with increases in military power. This judgment is not applied in the sense that greater possibilities for destruction imply greater collective risks to populations; it is meant to apply to individual states. It is inconsistent in that it washes away all that has previously been said about the advantages of stable mutual deterrence. In the American case, it implies that the United States has become more insecure with the diminishing vulnerability of its forces since 1960. More surprisingly, it asserts that the Soviet Union is more insecure *after* the acquisition of an intercontinental strike capability that not only deters the United States *but has also forced the latter to abandon a strategic doctrine that featured retaliatory city-busting*—more insecure than when it lay more or less naked before a nuclear-armed United States. It seems doubtful that this line of reasoning would have much appeal in the Kremlin itself or among Soviet scientists, whose judgment Wiesner values.

If science is to have a major role in policy formation, scientists must assess facts objectively, unpleasant though they may be. Men like Drs. Wiesner and York, who have held high public office, have a special obligation to avoid misinforming the public. But they have rendered themselves open to the charge of having misrepresented the technical data so as to leave the impression that weapon development is now more or less static and militarily marginal. Regrettably, this is not the case. « »

The Akond Of Swock

MARVIN BARRETT

THE KANDY-KOLORED TANGERINE-FLAKE STREAMLINE BABY, by Tom Wolfe. *Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $5.50.*

"Girls are reeling this way and that way in the aisle and through their huge black decal eyes, sagging with Tiger Tongue Lick Me brush-on eyelashes and black appliqués, sagging like display window Christmas trees, they keep staring at—her—Baby Jane—on the aisle. What the hell is this? She is gorgeous in the most outrageous way. Her hair rises up from her head in a huge hairy corona, a huge tan mane around a narrow face and two eyes opened—swock!—like umbrellas, with all that hair flowing down over a coat made of . . . *ze*bra! Those motherless stripes! Oh, damn! Here she is with her friends, looking like some kind of queen bee for all flaming little buds everywhere. She twists around to shout to one of her friends and that incredible mane swings around on her shoulders, over the zebra coat.

" 'Isabel!' says Baby Jane, 'Isabel, hi! I just saw the Stones! They look super-divine!' "

UNTIL last spring the reputation of reporter Tom Wolfe was principally a local one, promoted by the appearance in the once conservative New York *Herald Tribune* of paragraphs like those above describing a rich, distracted young Park Avenue housewife at play in an auditorium full of purposeful Brooklyn teenagers.

This was pretty colorful stuff to read along with David Lawrence, Walter Lippmann, and Joseph Alsop over one's three-minute egg and Martinson coffee. There were other equally vivid vignettes of New Jersey wolf girls on the loose on Manhattan's West Forty-fifth Street, manic disk jockeys, depressive rock 'n' roll tycoons, an updater on Bob Harrison, the former publisher of *Confidential*, etc., etc., etc.

People began to talk, including the *Tribune* itself, which took full-page house ads to puff a young man who had, they boasted, revived that rare journalistic commodity, an individual, original, truly up-to-date style.

An advance guard of Pop was said to be creeping up on American journalism, and Wolfe was its Davy Crockett. There were signs of it all over the *Trib*: in the copy of entertainment editor Judith Crist, in feature writers Dick Schaap and Jimmy Breslin. *Esquire* and *Playboy* and the women's fashion magazines had caught on. The tone was irreverent and jaunty, the style spastic and unpredictable, the vocabulary arcane. In the hinterlands editors were rumored to be calling for the exclamation points, the hyphens, the ellipses, the wild interjections, the indiscriminate italics, the ruptured adjectives, the made words like "swock!," the crazy mixed-up metaphors, the "kind ofs," the "or somethings," the maverick appositives, the off-beat, scruffy subjects. A new freedom was abroad in journalism.

Then the leader struck deep into enemy territory with a two-part hatchet job on the *New Yorker* magazine, its editor of thirteen years, William Shawn, and a goodly number of its regular contributors. It was written for the *Tribune's* flashy new Sunday supplement, the *Nouvelle Revue* of the Pop journalism movement, called by happy coincidence *New York*.

The skirmishing was over. From then on it was for keeps. Half the literary and journalistic establishment took sides. Shawn, who had never been known to do anything but purr before, let out a wounded and belligerent yelp and tried to get the piece killed. When it wasn't, Walter Lippmann and Joseph Alsop turned their coats and denounced

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MPA MAGAZINES / THE GROWTH MEDIUM OF THE '60s!

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their fellow employee in print. Novelist William Styron quoted scripture in favor. Ved Mehta of the *New Yorker* staff quoted Shakespeare against. J. D. Salinger broke his vow of perpetual silence and spoke from his New Hampshire mountaintop—abusively. *Time* and *Newsweek*, ever delighted to see sister publications making fools of themselves, assumed the roles of lip-smacking referees.

New Yorker partisans should have kept quiet and waited. A book was on its way. Lured out of the snug harbor of perishable, once-enjoyed, better-forgotten periodical publication by what was rumored to be a wickedly high advance, Wolfe had lashed together a volume of his writings, the result, he modestly admitted, of a mere fifteen months at the typewriter; 339 pages, not including (wisely) the *New Yorker* blast.

It is now before us, entitled, in the spit-in-your-eye, "What the hell is this?" manner of Pop, *The Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*. Here in spirit, if not in fact, is the real challenge to the *New Yorker* hegemony that has defined the upper limits of American journalism in recent years.

The *New Yorker*'s mission has been to tone down, clean up, make reporting respectable, to weed out the jargon, parse the sentences, unscramble the metaphors, double check the facts, conserve the imaginations, and contain the emotions of their writers, in sum to create a journalism, both stiff upper- and thin-lipped, that indeed can be collected into books without embarrassment. Dozens of these volumes by *New Yorker* writers appear each year, discreetly noted (but not reviewed) in its books columns. Always respectable. More often than not dull. Book publication has become almost as essential among the *New Yorker* brotherhood as the academic—with comparable results.

Until the advent of his book, Wolfe seemed to be bent on reversing this process single-handed. He scrambled metaphors, caught sentences off balance, created his own jargon, left facts unchecked, generalizations untested, allusions unverified. He was prodigal of his imagination and often became emotionally involved, not to say confused, with his subjects. His favorite piece, the study of the teenage custom-car business that gives his book its title, was simply a collection of "notes," he tells us proudly, typed up to the accompaniment of rock 'n' roll in a single night, which his grateful editor seized and printed verbatim.

By even the most liberal *New Yorker* standards, Wolfe was obviously unprintable. But in all his threshing about he hit nerves, had visions (usually nightmares) and communicated them. As a windmill tilter and teeth edger, Wolfe seemed to deserve considerable sympathy and encouragement.

Now, suddenly, we are told that what he purports to attempt is not nearly so modest as what he has accomplished. Not only is he "the most *contemporary* writer in America today," according to the copy on his book jacket; in his introduction he announces himself in clanging phrases as a kind of Saint-Simon of "America's first unconscious avant-garde! . . . Artists for the new age, sculptors for the new style and new money of the . . . Yah! lower orders. The new sensibility—*Baby baby baby where did our love go?*—the new world, submerged so long, invisible, and now arising, slippery, shiny, electric—Super Scuba-man!—out of the vinyl deeps."

Thus challenged, the conscientious reader has to recognize that what he is confronted with isn't all that contemporary. It is vintage Kerouac with a lot of Holden Caulfield stream-of-consciousness thrown in, plus an occasional bit of pure interbellum Piedmontese borrowed from a forgotten namesake nearly thirty years dead. And beyond that there is always the unquiet ghost of Michael Arlen.

Even coming at spaced intervals where forgetfulness has a chance to work its magic, Wolfe's mannerisms, borrowed or his own, can pall. At book length with the echoes coming every ten minutes instead of every seven days. Wolfe proves himself the master of the personalized cliché. The reader begins to keep score after the fourth "arteriosclerotic old dame," the fifth "Chicago Boxcar" haircut, the tenth "ilial crest," and loses track on the alumicron suits, winkle picker elf boots, and decal eyes.

Wolfe's piece on Baby Jane Holzer quoted above, one of the most entertaining bits when read quickly on a Sunday morning, is not only diminished by the company of a dozen less successful exercises using the same trick vocabulary and style, it is squashed in advance by the author's claim that "Baby Jane is the hyper-version of a whole new style of life in America. I think she is a very profound symbol." Zonk! Dead in her winkle picker elf boots!

Wolfe, I fear, even more than Baby Jane, is some sort of, kind of hyper-version himself, almost a very profound symbol or something. He represents that tragic hero of twentieth-century American life, the bright young talent oversold, the instant, disposable success. And like Pop art, the analogue most frequently employed when describing the Wolfe school of journalism, he has anticipated his own demise by collecting too much of himself in one place. The first major show of Pop art was the last.

The book, intended to prove the viability of Wolfe's talent, is really only proof of its subversion. In fact it happens right there before our horrified eyes, chapter by chapter, as we read. But then, like the spectators at the demolition derbies and stock-car races Wolfe loves to write about, Americans apparently enjoy witnessing such disasters.

The Thirty-two Tiers of Hell

MARCUS KLEIN

Dog Years, by Günter Grass. Translated by Ralph Manheim. A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book. *Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.*

This is the novel for which, it is now clear, *The Tin Drum* was a preliminary exercise. After all the tremendous energy of its grotesque symbolizing and allegorizing, that novel ended, abruptly, when two of the allegorical symbols were plucked from the maelstrom and placed in a new confrontation. The mad, subversive, drumming dwarf, Oskar

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Matzerath, declares himself to be Jesus. On the other side is "the Black Witch, black as pitch," invoked to be the anti-Virgin and ultimate avatar of all the malignancies of Oskar's almost six hundred pages of adventures. The ending was honest—indeed, inevitable—insofar as it kept everything unfinished and open and still threatening, and insofar as it refrained from opting for amiability. That which created the Third Reich remained potential in the Federal Republic. Still, there was something supererogatory in that ending; by excessive theological implication it went beyond honesty. Not all evil is Evil; not all subversives are Jesus. It was not inevitable that all the preceding allegorical formulations should have earned this dimension. And this virtual Manichaeanism to which *The Tin Drum* finally aspired was after all symptomatic; a persistently hampering difficulty of that roaring book was that even its primary symbols were suggestive without being always essential, defining, discrete, and definitive. Why a dwarf? Why a perpetual three-year-old? Why a tin drum?

It is still the case with *Dog Years,* Günter Grass's third novel, that some of the symbolizing means more to Grass than it means to the book. There is much play and mystification, for instance, about the number 32. On one occasion the protagonist's thirty-two teeth are knocked out by some members of the local Sturmabteilung. It is a frightening event, which Grass commemorates curiously by having the first part of the novel contain thirty-two sections (plus a coda); by providing in the final part of the novel a vision of hell with thirty-two compartments; and in between incessantly, calculatingly, stumbling on the number at every turn. After almost six hundred pages the number means, or should mean, something more than it does. What? Grass was probably about thirty-two when he started to write the novel. But all suppositions become trivial. And as with the mystical 32, so with other tropes. A button from the coat of one of Napoleon's soldiers pops shimmeringly into the story, and then comes to nothing, or nothing apparent. Much is made of a certain date, February 4, when the world is supposed to come to an end but doesn't, and the fateful date simply disappears from the text.

But these are just a few indulgences, or false starts, in a novel that is otherwise monumentally all of a piece. The principal locale is once again Grass's native Danzig. Along the way, the novel repeats characters and events taken from *The Tin Drum* and from Grass's fragmentary second novel, *Cat and Mouse.* Its main action covers the same ground as they did, Germany from the early 1920's through the late 1950's, and its subject is inevitably the same—the folk character that made those monstrous years likely. Now, however, that likelihood dreadfully certifies itself, and creates for itself the symbols by which it is to be recognized. The terrain is familiar, but now the vision is immense, reaching back through history and myth seemingly to the beginnings of mankind in the city of Danzig, and forward to the Economic Miracle. The old peasantry and the Order of the Teutonic Knights and the gods of the Prussian Slavs, and Frederick the Great and the Princes of Pomerania, and the history coming westward from Poland and Lithuania —all of these, with the addition of astrological signs and ancient superstitions and folkways, are made by this vision to be inherent in the Nazi era, and immanent still.

All of it is brilliantly condensed in the novel's first few pages, in a scene that describes the flowing of the Vistula past Danzig. Two boys are playing along the dikes of the river. One of them, Eddi Amsel, is half Jewish. The other, Walter Matern, is his protector and also his potential murderer. They are blood brothers, and the Vistula comes to them bearing the shards and rubble of the long history by which they will be caught, by which they are already caught—wood, glass, chairs, bones, sunsets, fiery gods, antique battles, weird tales. St. Adalbert of Prague comes again to be beheaded; sacred oaks are felled; the twelve headless knights and the twelve headless nuns dance in the mill. The dikes, meanwhile, are not dependable; mice are in them, and there is danger of flooding.

Dog Years is the flood that follows. The novel is made in three parts: Amsel's memoirs, Matern's, and a middle part recorded by a middling observer. When National Socialism comes—it came very early to Danzig—Amsel necessarily, with his teeth gone, assumes another name and takes flight. Matern, a teeth-grinding frantic ideologue, becomes a Communist and then a Nazi and then, with the collapse of the war, feeling guiltless and sold, races back and forth across Germany seeking revenge. Particularly, he disseminates gonorrhea. These intersecting narratives come to the point of flood as they gather to themselves symbolic forms of the past and the present.

There are two major forms, which are macabre and therefore suggestive, but also stunningly accurate and comprehensive. Eddi Amsel is a maker of scarecrows, and he becomes a choreographer-impresario-and-entrepreneur of mechanized scarecrows. The boy Walter Matern, on the other hand, owns a dog, a black shepherd bitch descended from an Eastern wolf (as Matern himself is descended from Polish bandits), and it becomes grandmother to the favorite of the dog lover Adolf Hitler. The scarecrows are the projections of Amsel's experience both ancient and contemporary. "Amsel" means blackbird, and the past—old clothes and a bundle of sticks—is terrifying to him. This past has created the scarecrows of the present, both the remains in the crematoriums and, in the opposite sense, the makers of those bones. Amsel creates scarecrow extravaganzas: Richard Wagner and the Nibelungs, Max Schmeling and Cardinal Pacelli, heroes of the wars and heroes of legends, all are placed in SA uniforms. Goethe lends his features to Horst Wessel; the centuries, as it is recorded, "kiss each other under SA caps." Amsel himself is a scarecrow, and at the end he makes the thirty-two-tiered hell, which is populated by scarecrows engaging in athletic contests, religious processions, military exercises, discussing theology and race, creating prosperity, some practicing "internal emigration" and others preparing to emigrate in actual fact to Argentina and Canada. As for the dog, implicit in it are the hounds of hell, the dog-faced Pluto (Hitler's

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dog is "the dog Prinz" which answers also to the name Pluto), the ravening wolf, the lone wolf of the steppes, and Hitler's particular identification with the wolf. What better emblem for these years than the genealogy of a dog? At the end, a reincarnated Pluto is placed at the entrance to Amsel's hell.

These major symbols are then elaborated, duplicated, and amplified in a process of furious confirmation. Much of the confirmation is in the language of the novel, which alternates between litany, narrative, official Nazi rhetoric, parody (most frequently of Heidegger), and a kind of obsessed reflexive:

". . . a WCS exlocution of April 26 goes out, as per Führerinstructions, to all: 'Dread impedes apprehension of the Nothing. As of now, dread will be surmounted by speeches or singing. Negation of Nothing attuned to distantiality prohibited. Never must the Reichscapital in its locus-wholeness be infirmed by dread.' "

BEYOND THAT, every character in the novel has his double, or his triple. Matern has Hitler. Amsel, the half Jew, is reiterated in a character who is half a Gypsy. And beyond that, Grass's brutal inventions generate and multiply each other. A girl Nazi, the niece of a carpenter, carries about with her an aroma of bone glue. Amsel equips his empty mouth with a full set of gold teeth—in a way to become, as the old joke had it, the most popular Jew in Germany.

Obviously a great deal of literature has gone into the producing of Grass's history. Grass himself has publicly expressed his debt to Swift, Joyce, Melville, and the brothers Grimm. It is to be supposed that he might have added Hesse, Kafka, and most of all Faulkner. But no matter. This novel is far more than a literary exercise, as it is far more than a political tract. It is immense, and it is liberating.

Aaron Copland Looks Ahead

JOHN M. CONLY

AT SIXTY-FIVE, Aaron Copland recently signed a contract with Columbia Records. Copland has always been, and is, a highly competent pianist, and he is an even better conductor, a most evocative one, with insight and a sense of both structure and song. Anyone who has seen him at work on the National Educational Television Network's program from Boston, "Music of the Twenties," can attest to this. He there conducted not only Copland but Schoenberg, Milhaud, Carl Ruggles, Ives, and others, with infectious and enlightening effect. For Columbia he is conducting and playing mostly Copland.

"I get a big bang out of conducting," Copland said. "In fact, I suppose it could get out of hand. It is really difficult to turn down a first-rate orchestra. You drop everything, or at least I'm prone to, even if I should be sitting up here in the country analyzing scores." He lives in a sort of hilltop eyrie overlooking the lower Hudson.

As a composer, of course, Copland is hardly underrecorded; there are thirty Copland compositions listed in the latest Schwann catalogue. But the composer figures as performer in only seven records: two for Everest, one for RCA Victor, one for Vanguard, and three for Columbia. Two of the latter are recent: the *Clarinet Concerto,* with Benny Goodman as soloist and Copland conducting, and the *Piano Concerto,* which features Copland as soloist and Leonard Bernstein leading the New York Philharmonic. The best-selling Copland disc is, and probably long will be, his *Appalachian Spring,* made for Victor with his beloved Boston Symphony, an orchestra that played its first Copland work, the *Organ Symphony,* forty years ago.

It may be pertinent that the *Organ Symphony* dropped out of print thereafter, and that it was Boston—meaning Erich Leinsdorf—that revived it last year. It was written in 1924, and Copland was then, like most of the young American composers, in the business of innovation and discovery. He recognized that this private search was in part responsible for a widening gap between composer and public. For him the gap disappeared in 1936 with his twenty-first composition, *El Salón Mexico,* a coloristic, almost riotously folkloric piece of good humor.

THE popular success of this accessible idiom was forwarded by such works as *Billy the Kid, Rodeo, Fanfare for the Common Man,* and, most of all, *Appalachian Spring.* Yet he continued to turn out such contrasting products as the *Orchestral Variations,* the *Piano Fantasy,* and *Connotations for Orchestra.* The easiest inference was, of course, that Aaron Copland was writing with one hand for John Doe and with the other for his musical peers.

"It's time," he told me when I visited his hospitable hill house, "that this notion was dispelled. With me, and I'm the only one who knows, I think it has always been the same process. I can start in either vein, any vein, sometimes out of some idea that isn't musical at all, but it is always the same musical process that takes over."

From any critical point of view, it seems to me, Copland has got to be right, and possibly critics simply have listened through their preconceptions. There is not equal virtue throughout all the Copland "accessible" works, nor throughout his more recondite ones. Just the same, I for one hear it as the same virtue; the teller is the same, only the tales are different. Perhaps the grandest works, for instance, have been *Appalachian Spring* (1944) and the *Piano Fantasy* (1957). The main difference between the two on records is that *Appalachian Spring* is selling well, as it has through a dozen recorded versions, while the *Piano Fantasy,* in an engrossing performance by William Masselos, has recently been dropped from the Columbia catalogue.

The reasons behind this difference in popularity are not hard to find. The virtues of the two works are akin: the scintillance, the high melodic hint, the attraction of the listener by something suddenly excit-

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THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler® No. 130

by HENRY ALLEN

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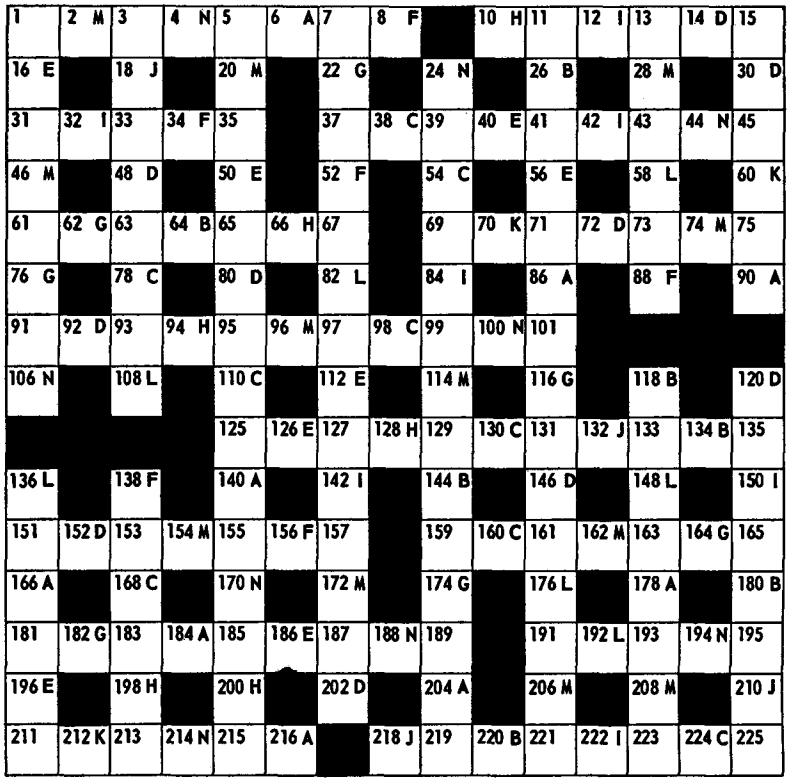
DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
178 140 204 90 6 216 86 166 184 A Chinese, Thai, or Japanese, for example (4,5).

B
118 144 180 26 64 134 220 A sorcerer or wizard.

C
130 98 78 160 54 38 110 224 168 Ample space for motion (5,4).

D
202 48 14 146 92 120 80 30 152 72 Tavern portal (6,4).

E
186 16 56 112 126 40 50 196 Superman's best friend?

F
156 88 34 52 138 8 Phrase used to introduce the specification in a court martial (2,4).

G
174 76 22 164 62 116 182 "Macaulay is well for a while, but one wouldn't *live* under_____." Carlyle, remark quoted in R.M. Milnes's "Notebook," 1838.

H
10 200 94 66 128 198 More distant.

I
150 32 142 84 42 12 222 Walked with an awkward, clumsy, swaying gait.

J
210 132 218 18 "_____Harrington," novel by Meredith, 1861.

K
70 212 60 Rider Haggard's most famous novel, 1887.

L
136 58 192 82 108 176 148 A pouch of skin worn by a Highlander in full dress.

M
154 28 74 96 20 2 172 206 46 162 208 114 "...and the state of man, / Like to a little kingdom, suffers then / The nature of an _____." Shakespeare, "Julius Caesar."

N
100 188 106 44 214 170 24 194 4 Pouch carried by gold prospectors in the Gold Rush (6,3).

ACROSS

1. The boaster may bar a couple of gees with art!
10. Famous literary girl is mostly lusty (alt. sp.).
31. With 159 across, city in the Bailiwick of the Acrostician.
37. Troy embraces polo! Gee! It's figurative writing.
61. Do learn this French film (2,5).
69. Beatnik beverage with an Italian accent.
91. The navigator can't get this at night or if it's raining (4,3,4).
125. No tipping required when vice comes last (4,7).
151. Addition is fishy at first.
159. See 31 across.
181. Take Ma with Susie in principal concern (4,5).
191. Defense system has Ibsen girl first.
211. Sense? H_____! Lusters, rather.
218. Demanded freak sod (5,3).

DOWN

1. Hurrying and wearing 19th-century ladies' garment?
3. Michigan city sounds like a bower (3,5).
5. An open-air stage or a case in law? (7,2,6).
7. Not quite required or almost satisfied? (6,8).
11. A lancer is poem or he's in more sentimental love story (8,7).
13. One pun is closed.
15. Thou playest, tot? Yes.
24. Bend, O Dane! Swiss may be down in grief! (5,2,7).
118. It's finer now when triumphant with respect to some event (6,2).
120. What some hoped to impose on the Acrostician's bailiwick (3,5).
136. A camp on board? The rascals!
138. I dream and regard with wonder.

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ing. However, *Appalachian Spring* manhandles the inner ear, as a big orchestral work should for a variegated audience. The *Fantasy* does not; perhaps it requires almost private attention. Copland here ventured into the twelve-tone technique, which still causes some listeners to recoil, because they are fearful that they are going to hear Schoenberg. But whatever technique he touches upon, Copland writes Copland. Forthcoming soon under the new Columbia contract will be recordings of *Music for a Great City,* the *Nonette,* and *Twelve Poems of Emily Dickinson*—a repeat in stereo, with Adele Addison, the New England Conservatory Choir, and Aaron Copland as pianist. A few hitherto unrecorded pieces will be made soon, too, including the ballet score *Dance Panels.*

Copland will have some say in the selection of his record program. He would like to see brought to discs the *Short Symphony,* the *Symphonic Ode,* and the *Organ Symphony* itself; and see the *Sextet,* which was available for a long time in a performance by the Juilliard ensemble, restored to the catalogue.

COPLAND remains youthful in spirit, but he does not find himself quite in tune with the young composers of today. Not that he is hostile; it is just, he said, that he is glad he came along when he did. He and his contemporaries after the First World War thought that they were creating a revolution. "Compared to what's happening now," he said, "it was as 1776 was to 1917. Today's developments challenge the whole idea of what music is about. We started from an expressive urge. The young people's urge may be as strong now, but its origins are different. You might say they changed the subject of conversation on us.

"This is the sonic age," he said, "a scientific era; it was unthinkable that music could go its own way undisturbed. It probably never will be the same. There has been a terrific infusion of the new disciplines, largely but not altogether electronic. This actually can change the musical imagination. Perhaps it embodies Webern's idea of the permutation of materials, but it is more than that.

"For one thing, *chance* has become a component of composing. One might contend that the same thing happens in jazz improvisation, but it doesn't quite. The jazz performer improvises freely, but still he is trying to say the same sort of thing we said with musical notes. Now the composer writes for the player—each player—a choice of three out of five notes."

This invasion of music by Heisenbergian random principle does not bother Copland, because he is sixty-five. "If I were twenty, though," he admitted, "I'd be concerned. I have absolutely no bent for that sort of thing, nor for the mechanical approach. I can cite an instance:

"At Tanglewood [where he is on the faculty] a student told me he would like to try writing for the cello and piano. I said fine, would he see if he could bring in some ideas. I meant musical ideas, of course. Next day he came in with about eighty ideas of different ways to play the cello. And we used to think it was something to invert a chord! But no doubt they will come up with something good. All we need now do is go on."

As can be seen, no strictures can be expected from Aaron Copland. Indeed, as he pointed out, the new approach to music already has done considerable good.

WHEN Copland was beginning his career, the economic prospects for an American composer were dim indeed: he was rarely performed, and thus was rarely paid for his work, and he could not even confidently borrow for his education. Copland began and has never ceased trying to better this condition. To this end, he organized the American Festival of Contemporary Music at Yaddo, New York, and the Copland-Sessions Concerts. He has served long and vigorously as president of the American Composers Alliance. Though he does not consider the struggle won, he finds, at least, far more opportunities today for the young. "There is a highly audible storm going on behind the walls of Academe," he pointed out happily, "hid from the outside world. Electronics laboratories where they let composers loose with all the equipment they want, which certainly means money.

"The generosity has infected more conventional music, too. Last year in Urbana, Illinois, there was a university festival which would have done honor to Salzburg."

Asked if there was anything else he would like to crowd into his days, he said. "I would like to write more. I don't mean music, I mean prose." When it was pointed out to him that he already had produced four books, he replied:

"I know, but they weren't written as books. They were compiled from articles I had written for periodicals, or from lectures, especially my courses as a Norton Professor at Harvard. It isn't the same.

"But now, of course, there is conducting, and the contract with Columbia."

So saying, he stretched luxuriously in the sunlight slanting through the window wall of the study on the hilltop, the perfect picture of a man with nothing to do.

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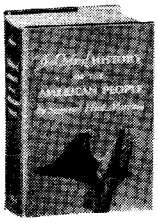

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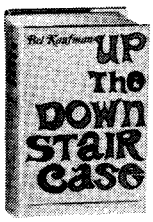

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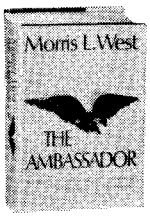

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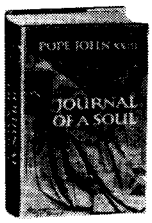

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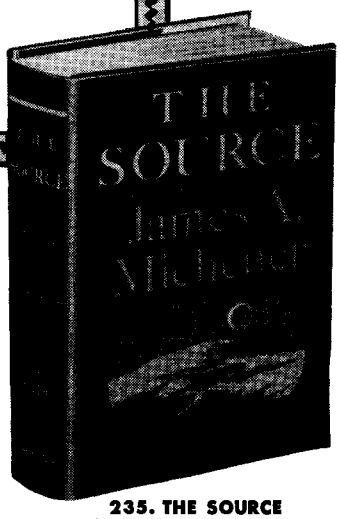

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